# NATIONAL REVIEW

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August 1, 1956

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION


## They Speak for the Silent

A SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

## Report from the Publisher:

*Reflections on the Failure of 'National Review' To Live Up to Liberal Expectations*

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

## Moral Inconsequence of Mr. Keynes

R. B. McCALLUM

*Articles and Reviews by* . . . . . ROBERT PHELPS

L. BRENT BOZELL · F. A. VOIGT · RUSSELL KIRK

MEDFORD EVANS · FREDA UTLEY · FRANK S. MEYER


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# *from* WASHINGTON *straight*

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

Foreign Aid

The Foreign Aid Bill which will soon go to the White House will mark the end of one skirmish in a struggle which is by no means over. As finally enacted into law the bill will represent a compromise, reluctant on both sides, whereby the President receives less than he originally asked and more than many congressional leaders wanted to give. The next decision may be made by the voters at the November polls. House members and some Senators who supported the President all the way are facing an uphill battle for re-election. The unpopularity of indiscriminate foreign aid is amply attested by congressional mail. It may have little effect in the Presidential contest, but on the congressional level it is an issue on which the voters can make their protest effective.

Right to Work

Louisiana Labor leaders are not entirely jubilant over their victory in the repeal of the state's right-to-work law. There seems to be a quid pro quo involved. Legislators from the rural parishes went along with the repealer on the understanding that farm labor and sugar processors would be given exemption. They expect to get it.

The Plutocrat

By all logical tabulations Adlai Stevenson is so far out in front that it should be all over but the shouting. And yet there is a hard-boiled group of objective political observers who are putting their money on Harriman. In his recent appearance at the National Press Club, Governor Harriman attracted the largest audience that the Club has been host to in many a year. The Liberals, including the ADA contingent, provided the enthusiasm. Mr. Harriman's remarks were standard brand. Theodore Roosevelt called Mr. Harriman's father a "malefactor of great wealth." No one has called the son a malefactor, but he is unquestionably a man of great wealth. He is also an embodiment of the idea that 100 million dollars can't be wrong.

Democratic Strategy

Once upon a time the Solid South was the bulwark and the dominant force in the Democratic Party. But when FDR and his astute managers scuttled the two-thirds rule for Presidential nominations, the South lost its veto power and a major part of its influence. Today the Liberal leadership of the Democracy is to a large extent writing off the South. These strategists believe, with historic justification, that the South has nowhere to go. The Dixiecrat rebellion in '48 and the bolt to Eisenhower in '52 are not likely to appear in a new form this year. It is virtually certain that Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Louisiana and Mississippi will stand hitched no matter who heads the Democratic ticket. That means a minimum of 45 electoral votes, with the probability that North and South Carolina will add 22 more. If the President can duplicate his achievement of four years ago by carrying Virginia, Florida and Texas (which most analysts doubt), the GOP total in the South will be 48 electoral votes. No state will be neglected, but the main Democratic effort will be concentrated on eleven states outside the South. New York, Pennsylvania, California, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Missouri and Oklahoma have a combined total of 236 electoral votes—only 30 short of a majority. The Democrats see other "hopeful areas," particularly in the Farm Belt, but the full impact of their campaign will be delivered in the states with the big electoral votes.

It Could Happen Here

At the Republican National Convention in 1936, former President Hoover made a deeply moving address to the delegates. The Landon bandwagon was just getting into high gear, but for a long moment tense with expectancy it seemed highly possible that Mr. Hoover would be nominated by acclamation. The moment passed. This is not to suggest that it would have made any historic difference, but it is apropos a pending situation. Rightly or wrongly, a great many Democrats are considerably less than optimistic about the chances of any of their front-running candidates to defeat President Eisenhower. If no one is nominated on an early ballot, there may be another psychological moment—a moment that could see the drafting of Harry Truman.



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# *The WEEK*

● The disputes among the armed services have been further embittered by a quarrel between the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Arthur W. Radford (backed by Secretary of Defense Wilson and Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey) on the one side, and the Chiefs of the three separate services on the other. Admiral Radford has projected a three-year cut of 800,000 in military manpower, with a concentration of effort in nuclear and other technologically advanced armament and research. His rebellious colleagues insist that this would leave the country with an all-or-nothing military arm which could function only in the improbable event of total war, and would leave us impotent in relation to the lesser conflicts that will almost certainly continue to break out. If Admiral Radford's recommendations prevail, American forces in Europe will be reduced to token strength, and the concept of a resident army in Western Europe capable of resisting the Soviet Union, finally abandoned. Yet Mr. Dulles seems to have no objections.

● How good is the radar net that protects the United States against a surprise attack by the USSR? Not very, according to a censored report recently released by a Senate subcommittee. The net failed, the report states, to detect a group of low-flying U.S. bombers that made a 1000-mile penetration into the U.S.—and this despite the fact that the defense forces had been alerted for such an "attack."

● In a nobody-loves-me-any-more speech before the National Press Club, Senator Kefauver, who also ran, took a swipe at the candidates who won, placed, and showed. His candidacy had suffered, he said in effect, because he enjoys good health, because he does not have too much money, and because no one in his family "owns an oil well, a railroad, or a newspaper."

● A bill just passed by the Senate and sent to the House would give Congress a statutory right to full information about the details of executive agreements —including secret agreements, such as those entered into at Yalta and Teheran, between heads of state.

● The Agriculture Department reports that in the last year and a half, the government has succeeded in disposing of three of eight billion dollars' worth of



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surplus farm products it once had on hand, at a net loss to taxpayers of a mere 1.3 billion dollars.

● The Senate Appropriations Committee voted to incorporate in this year's foreign aid bill a rider, sponsored by Senators Knowland and Bridges, telling the Administration nothing doing on the admission of Red China to the UN. Such a warning is needed, Senator Knowland explained, because leaks "at lower levels" show that the Administration's stand against admission is softening.

● When better excuses are needed for selling a million tons of American sheet steel to the USSR (which we are now doing), the Department of Commerce will no doubt come up with them. Meanwhile, it rests its case on the following: 1) sheet steel isn't really a strategic item, or at least not very strategic; 2) the relevant decision was made well before the steel strike; 3) President Eisenhower promised at Geneva to help "increase the exchange of peaceful goods throughout the world."

● Mr. Nehru has discovered that the countries of Eastern Europe are "under a certain domination, under the rule of another country"; and he did say: "I certainly believe they should be free." But this, despite the headlines in the U.S. press, hardly places him among the enemies of the status quo in the satellite nations who a) believe they should be "freed" not "free," and b) know the name of the country they are ruled by.

● In line with Moscow's directive for a new united front with Socialism, the Italian Communists are clearly courting the (Saragat) right-wing Socialists. Thus in Milan's city council last week the Communists gave a Saragat Socialist the votes he needed in order to become mayor—and thereby gained a veto-power over the municipal government of Italy's chief industrial center. (Pietro Nenni's left-wing Socialists have never withdrawn from the postwar united front.)

● Communist China's exports, says a United Nations' World Economic Survey, reached 221 million dollars in the first half of 1955, 59 million more than in the corresponding period in 1954, and only 10 million dollars less than the Soviet Union's.

● "We don't mind being called lobbyists," Dr. John Lester Buford, President of the National Education Association, declared at its annual convention. "We are lobbying for a good cause—for better schools." In order to assure passage of the federal aid to schools bill, to expedite construction of new schools, and to raise teachers' salaries, the NEA must, according to its directors' estimates, now be prepared to spend almost double the $3.8 million heretofore spent on lobbying for good causes.

● New York State's Court of Appeals threw out the hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar libel suit brought against the publishers of *Red Channels* by actor Joe Julian. Accurately listing and labeling Communist-sponsored meetings a man has attended, the Court ruled, is "fair comment," not libel.

● The Soviet Union was quick to capitalize on the recent German Social Democratic Party Congress in Munich, which attacked Chancellor Adenauer's pro-Western foreign policy and demanded direct negotiations with Moscow on German reunification. Moscow congratulated "Comrade Ollenhauer" and his colleagues upon their anti-militaristic stand. Simultaneously, the Kremlin recalled Ambassador Zorin from Bonn, summoned a delegation of East German leaders to Moscow, and planted a tantalizing report in the East German news agency to the effect that Moscow had abandoned all hope of negotiating German reunification with Dr. Adenauer.

● Marshall MacDuffie—former law partner of the Dulles brothers, one-time head of the UNRRA mission to the Ukraine, acquaintance of Moscow Trial impresario Andrei Vishinsky, friend of Nikita Khrushchev, unofficial ambassador extraordinary to Moscow—again pops up in the news: this time as broker for an outfit called International Trade Fairs, Inc., that will stage a big agricultural fair in Moscow next summer, with "at least $15,000,000" of U. S. goods on display.

● The socialist-neutralist *New Statesman And Nation* on Walter Lippmann: "How good to learn that Walter Lippmann's famous column . . . is now to appear regularly in the *Manchester Guardian!* No more suitable paper could have been found—though on many issues . . . Lippmann has been throughout the years much more close to the *New Statesman And Nation* than to the *Manchester Guardian.* Today, when American policy is making a sharp shift in our direction, Lippmann's detached clarity will help educate British opinion."

● *Counter-Attack* reports a current Communist drive to influence students in our primary and secondary schools. Teen-agers, it states, are being encouraged to become "pen-pals" with pro-Communist youngsters in non-Iron Curtain countries, and with a few even behind the Iron Curtain. Readers of NATIONAL REVIEW who would like the names of such pen-pals for their own sons and daughters, some of whom might like to have a hand at a dialogue with Communist youths, may communicate with the pro-Communist magazine, *New Challenge.*



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## *Four Happy Landings*

*Never look a gift-politician in the mouth.*

OLD PROVERB

Mr. Nixon, for our money, did very well in the course of his recent jaunt around the world. He behaved toward his hosts with a pleasant, distinctively American sort of friendliness. His words were what they should have been. About difficult problems he was both firm and correct.

On July 4, in Manila, he and Philippine President Magsaysay celebrated our two countries' joint Independence Day. A new agreement on strategic bases, designed to protect our security needs while satisfying Philippine sensibility, was jointly announced.

In Taiwan, Mr. Nixon renewed our pledge of faith to our ally, the Republic of China, and its chief, our good and sorely tried friend, Chiang Kai-shek.

Mr. Nixon then stopped briefly at Bangkok, in tribute to the admirable role Thailand has played amid the acute difficulties—geographic, political and social—of Southeast Asia.

With an appropriateness that was proved by the ensuing howls of neutralists and Liberals, he selected Karachi, capital of our ally Pakistan and close neighbor of New Delhi, as the place to state a number of those truths about neutralism and Soviet aid that are usually pushed beneath a diplomatic carpet of hypocrisy. Mr. Nixon explained why neutralism is immoral and why in the long run it also doesn't pay; and he reminded neighbor Nehru that Soviet aid is merely the bait to a trap.

*But*: Why this sudden spurt of forthright and confident talk after three-and-a-half years of stringing along with appeasement? Or, still more interesting, who at just this moment in the course of human events has given Mr. Nixon the green light for such talk, and why now? Our guess is it happens every four years at campaign-time, and because Eisenhower knows that the voters *want* the kind of foreign policy implicit in Mr. Nixon's recent pronouncements.

## *The Deadly Kiss*

Congressional spokesmen of both parties have been exchanging ardent courtesies and discourtesies over a Republican campaign release stating that in the current Presidential battle the Communists are supporting the Democratic Party. While recognizing that this is a natural subject for the routine demagogies of an election year, we will here note the facts for any disinterested observer:

1. The Communist Party of the United States holds that at the present time the Democratic Party (outside the South) offers the most favorable environment for Communist operations. For the past year and a half, Communists have been instructed to concentrate primarily (though not exclusively) on the infiltration of the Democratic Party. Communist leaders insist that this has nothing to do with the question of what individual may be nominated for the Presidency. It is the "historical role" of the Democratic Party, its "social composition," and the presence within it of "organized workers" and "progressive intellectuals" that make it the more desirable target of penetration. The Communist National Committee summed it up as follows: "The perspective . . . is that of the unfolding of important struggles among the masses who form the base of the Democratic Party. The CP and other progressive forces must under no circumstances stand aside from this fight."

2. At the same time, by a "dialectical paradox," the supreme Communist leadership has given evidence that it prefers an Eisenhower victory. Khrushchev and Bulganin have gone out of their way to compliment Mr. Eisenhower and to indicate their satisfaction with his conduct of international affairs. Two weeks ago Jacob Malik, the Soviet Ambassador to London, in an interview that could not have been offhand, flatly declared that his candidate was Mr. Eisenhower.

For both Democrats and Republicans the moral is this: No matter what you do, you can't be sure of escaping Communist support; so at least make certain that you don't deserve it.

## *Hoffman to the UN*

There is an indisputable seemliness in the nomination of Paul G. Hoffman as a representative to the United Nations. Indeed, the President might have done better to *commit* him to the United Nations, for that is the logical habitat for a restless ideologue who has for years looked to centralized political authority as the source of all effective social action.

We tend to feel that the critics of the appointment have erred in emphasizing the harm that Paul Hoffman can do in the General Assembly. True American representatives ought to exhibit a realistic concern for the might and the guile of the Communists; but almost anyone who attempts to do so within the walls of the United Nations building is foredoomed to be drowned out by the hundreds of voluble Paul Hoffmans who, blithely ignorant of the designs and capabilities of the monster in their midst, prefer to devote their attention to irrelevancies.

The most regrettable feature of the appointment lies, rather, in the fact that it betokens public esteem. Why? Why is Paul Hoffman esteemed? As Adminis-



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trator of the Marshall Plan he was, by almost everyone's reckoning, a profligate failure. In December 1948, months after General Marshall himself had abandoned any such idea, Hoffman was still calling for a coalition government, in China, with the Communists. In ensuing years he helped launch the fiction of our "reign of terror," the prescription for which, he advised the student body of Occidental College in 1955, "lies simply in being brave." Bravely, Mr. Hoffman accepted the direction of the Fund for the Republic's millions and managed to launch the Fund well along in its career of public mischief. Finally even Mr. Henry Ford, whose tolerance must commend him to the ages, lost patience and—circumspectly to be sure—disavowed him.

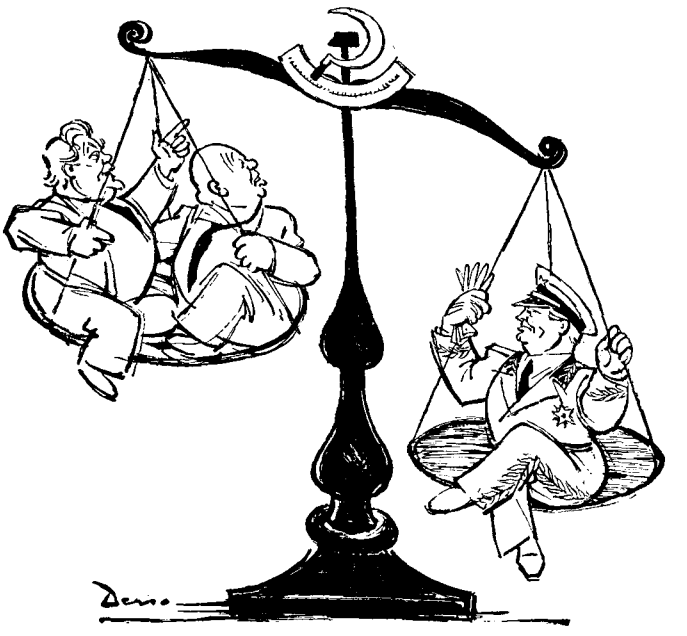
Why does a *Republican* Administration honor such a man? We wish for Mr. Hoffman, as a human being, nothing but the best, for he is clearly well-intentioned. But one cannot appoint such a man to a position whose importance is almost exclusively ceremonial, without saying in effect to the public: "This man, and this man's record, embody desirable and honorable qualities. Go thou and do likewise." Should this implied advice be taken seriously, the result would be chaos.

## *America: Communist-Eye View*

A reader calls our attention to a mash note, from Communist Howard Fast to the U.S., of such fervor as to warrant notice, even though it is several weeks old. Truly, it is in the Geneva spirit:

"Big Jim Farley, who never forgets a face, and as president of Coca Cola operates as one of the great lords of the earth, has specified the dollar bill as a messenger of God. They built a great white temple to this slim and rectangular successor to Jesus of Nazareth [the dollar bill], and it stands more peacefully located than Jerusalem, namely between Virginia and Maryland, where the streets are paved with pious and unctuous blasphemy. And the priesthood who serve this great white temple are filled with manly joy and devotion.

"They [the President, Congress, and the bureaucracy] are known as 'government,' and their religion is the merry creed of 'free world.' Their power lies in the fact that they have cut themselves loose from every hope and dream and fear and aspiration of normal men and women. Dedicated to what they call their 'spiritual outlook,' they live with one hope and one direction—the day when they may use their atomic weapons to remove all traces of life from the earth. And thus, even if the world moans with horror and disgust when they test their toys, they themselves rock with laughter and glee."



## *One-Way-Street Fund*

The objectivity and accuracy claimed by the Fund for the Republic for its *Report on Blacklisting* is being rather impressively challenged by witnesses before the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

*Item*: George Sokolsky, Victor Riesel, James O'Neil and Frederick Woltman, mentioned in the *Report* as key members of a "clearance ring" with the power to absolve "blacklisted" artists, all denied that such a ring exists.

*Item*: Arnold Forster, chief counsel for the Anti-Defamation League, who turned out to be the unidentified "clearance man" quoted in the *Report*, refused to authenticate its allusions to him.

*Item*: The Committee's counsel asked John Cogley, author of the *Report*, to explain why in discussing the victimization of a particular actress he had not told his readers "twelve people [had] identified her before this committee as a member of the Communist conspiracy." Mr. Cogley answered that his study did not concern itself with charges of Communism against entertainers. Merely, it seems, with charges of un-Americanism against anti-Communists.

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As announced last week, the next issue of NATIONAL REVIEW will be published a fortnight hence because the office will be closed for staff vacations. The next issue will bear the date of August 11. Because faster distribution of the magazine has been secured, issues will be dated Saturday, four days earlier than our former Wednesday dateline.



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# A Report from the Publisher

## Reflections on the Failure of 'National Review' to Live Up to Liberal Expectations

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

The current (July) issue of the *Progressive* magazine features a full-dress assessment of NATIONAL REVIEW in which we are charged with all manner of offenses against the light and the truth. It arrived on the heels of a very long and very involved attack in *Commentary*, in the April issue; and *Commentary's* article followed, by only two months, an extended analysis, or rather psycho-analysis, of NATIONAL REVIEW in *Harper's* magazine. All three journals seem to resent the mere existence of NATIONAL REVIEW—not, understand, because they are intolerant of dissent (there is nothing-they-would-welcome-more-than-genuine-dissent); but because it pains them to be bored by it, and when they are not being bored by it they are being affronted by its vulgarity, appalled by its insouciance, or dismayed by its ignorance. Nothing, absolutely nothing, is more urgently needed than a real conservative magazine; but, alas, ours is not such a thing, and they must, accordingly, continue to scan the heavens for it.

One often hears it said that one should ignore criticism. I do not agree that it is *always* wise to ignore criticism of oneself and one's endeavors, even when the criticism is ill-natured, exhibitionistic, and predictable. For even when that is the character of the criticism, there is sometimes something to be learned from it not only about oneself and one's critics, but about the world we live in. Dwight Macdonald, the author of the onslaught published in *Commentary*, agrees with me, I have reason to believe; in any event, he certainly has never doubted the usefulness of *his* criticism. A couple of weeks after his article appeared, he wrote me, on the flimsiest pretense (would I send his subscription to another address) to ask coyly—or, come to think of it, perhaps nervously—"Don't you think my article was full of Useful Advice to the Editor?" Indeed I do. And some of that advice to the editor, as transmitted in *Commentary* and elsewhere, brings me to discuss the three attacks, to identify the men who made them, and to say a word or two about NATIONAL REVIEW's more settled judgment of its task now that we have completed a half-year's publication of what should apparently be known as the country's only non-conservative conservative weekly journal of opinion. Regrettably, the nature of the criticism demands that I devote more space than I should normally be inclined to, to examining the critics rather than the criticism. They have left me no other course.

### *Mr. Fischer*

John Fischer, who devoted what amounts to the entire editorial section of *Harper's* to NATIONAL REVIEW, is *Harper's* editor. He is, in a sense, the least interesting of the three critics we are discussing; for he had very little public reputation, and no public personality, at the moment when he succeeded Frederick Lewis Allen as editor. He was known primarily, if not exclusively, for a book called *Why They Behave Like Russians* (written while serving as a public relations official for UNRRA), which is a competent, though not distinctive, report on the Soviet Union. Fischer succeeded to the editorship of *Harper's* for rather accidental reasons. On Allen's death, there were on hand two logical contenders for the position of editor. Both of them were so clearly entitled to the job that they ended up, given the diplomatic exigencies of the situation, mutually disqualifying each other.

Perhaps this is the reason why Mr. Fischer communicates the feeling of personal uneasiness in his administration of *Harper's*. Whatever he does, he seems to do nervously. (His single venture in audacity—an invitation to a Southern editor to set down the segregationist point of view—was hedged in by an introductory editorial note of such near-hysterical disavowals, and waterlogged by so many embarrassingly dutiful obeisances to the shrine of interracial amity as to sap from the project every drop of courage, or verve, or justification.) It is safe to say, about Mr. Fischer, that he is very anxious to ingratiate himself with a clientele unbendingly Liberal, hence he hews close to the Liberal position, which is that such pariahs as write for NATIONAL REVIEW cannot have anything relevant to say. With it all, Mr. Fischer (and in this respect he is typical of the whole class of Liberal publicists) sees himself caught up, within the pages of his magazine, in exhilarating controversy involving alternatives of cosmic moment. In fact he presides, as editor of *Harper's*, over endless discussions which added together do not generate enough noise to wake a fellow exurbanite suffering from insomnia. A magazine like NATIONAL REVIEW is, in short, foredoomed to horrify such a man, whose idea of a chiller is a gladitorial contest to the death between, say, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and Richard Rovere on the Challenge of Our Times.

And horrify him we do.[1] Mr. Fischer's attack on NATIONAL REVIEW is of the encyclopedic type. What is wrong with NATIONAL REVIEW is,

[1]Though much more in print than in private conversation. A matter of weeks before he penned his review, Mr. Fischer chatted amiably over lunch with one of NATIONAL REVIEW's editors, and volunteered a considerable professional respect for NATIONAL REVIEW's editorial and intellectual performance.



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simply, everything. Including, mark you, its format, which, in its austerity, "exhibits all the classic stigmata of extremist journalism." Then, too, we are "dedicated to the Conspiracy Theory of politics." (Other than that Mr. Fischer could be expected to level against us any accusation commonly leveled by Liberals against conservatives, where *did* he pick this one up? NATIONAL REVIEW's position is that our

*John Fischer*

society behaves the way it does because the majority of its opinion-makers, for various reasons, respond to social stimuli in a particular way—spontaneously, not in compliance with a continuously imposed discipline; there is no conspiracy involved.) Moreover, we are "dreadfully earnest"—our editorial tone is one of "humorless indignation." We reveal ourselves as having "grave doubts about freedom"; we "yearn for discipline—often with heavy clerical overtones." Why? Perhaps because we suffer from "a persecution complex." We are "emotional" folk who throw ourselves "frantically into a cause," undoubtedly to "make up for some kind of frustration in [our] private lives."

To sum up—you guessed it—we "are in fact the very opposite of conservatives."

## *Mr. Macdonald*

Anybody ambitious to please Dwight Macdonald had better be prepared to devote full time to it, given the fact that one cannot count on pleasing him tomorrow by adhering to the position that pleases him today. Verily, Dwight Macdonald is the Tommy Manville of American politics; he has been married to just about every political faith. Ideologically, one finds him, particularly in recent years, exultantly unattached, some might even say, deracinated; he is never quite sure where he is, let alone where he is going. Yet at any given moment, he is privy to the very last word—on any matter—and it is death to question him, whether on his reading of Simone Weil, or on his (most recent) judgment on the Attorney General's list. It is very much to his credit that, due to his chronic nonconformity and intellectual restlessness, he is, as a Liberal, a security risk. He will call Henry Wallace a dupe of the Communists (in a wonderfully lively and topical book) in 1947, and Owen Lattimore an "energetic pro-Communist" in 1954, and, in the circles in which he moves, that takes courage.

But after a while, he leaves the impression less of independence than of perverseness, and at that point his aimlessness combined with his dogmatism begin to grate hard. A humbler—a more realistic—man would have taken stock of his temperament and made the necessary adjustments. But vanity did Dwight Macdonald in. Now he mostly resents—I have the impression, and I used to know him—other people's serenity. He was born, I think, with an infinite capacity for wonderment which must once have been stimulating and useful. Others with similar curiosity stride purposively, coming, slowly and painfully, to a series of conclusions and, ultimately, to a position. But not Macdonald, who cannot understand why, so long as he doubts, others should dare to believe. And, as the years went by, the disparity between his very prodigious self-esteem and the esteem in which the world holds him became painfully evident to him, whereupon he turned to a sort of wisecracking misanthropy, to tireless denigration, showing himself, in many of his writings, to be bitterly resentful of anyone else's peace of mind, and cruelly reproachful. It is painfully clear why he indulges, with unique constancy, his fetishistic devotion to the cause of pacifism. It is for him a psychic necessity. Dwight Macdonald, who is against Suffering, is himself, often, brutal.

Macdonald's first major revolt took place in the early thirties, when he emancipated himself noisily from the thralldom of Time, Inc., declaring war on just about everything except the Working Class and French poetry. He fled into the arms of Trotsky, where he nestled for several years. But in due course, they parted company, Trotsky having branded Macdonald—with undue severity, I think—a totally ineffectual man, "who can neither think nor write." Macdonald went hither and yon, in the ensuing years. From 1937 to 1943 he was an editor of *Partisan Review*. In 1944, he founded a magazine called *Politics*, in which he interspersed anarchism, benevolent pacifism, bellicose attacks on American institutions and public officials, adamant socialism, and an obsessive Francophilia (Macdonald reads French). By 1946, even Macdonald's indulgent old colleagues on *Partisan Review* were moved to write *Politics* off as a "peculiar hodgepodge" (to which criticism Macdonald replied by insisting—in a churlish and largely incoherent counterblast — that the word hodgepodge really should be written "hotchpotch").

Macdonald's capacity to bore finally triumphed over his other qualities, and his messages, the magazine having progressed from a monthly to a bimonthly to a quarterly, finally reduced to episodic oral monologues to his friends, and Dwight Macdonald chalked up another grievance against society. Add to it the fact that in 1952 he was unable to raise eighty thousand dollars with which to capitalize yet another magazine, for which Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Richard Rovere, Hannah Arendt and Mary McCarthy (all of them choked for outlets for their prose) were to serve as co-editors, and the Philistinism of the society into which fortune had cast him became intolerable; whereupon, cursing the commonplace like Miniver Cheevy, Macdonald wept that he was ever born.

At exactly this point, Senator McCarthy entered the national scene, and Dwight Macdonald went almost berserk. Some of his friends quite literally feared for his stability. A mere mention of the Senator's name brought on a reaction almost epileptic in nature. Discourse became impossible; I lost touch with him. He wrung out his spleen all over me and Mr. Bozell and a book we wrote on the McCarthy question, in seven or eight pages of *Partisan Review*, trying hard for his



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old urbanity, but failing badly, in this and other respects, so taken up was he with fuming.

In the past five years, Dwight Macdonald has more or less retired. He is employed now—a degrading fate for one who, from youth through middle-age, fought bitterly against the society of the leisure class—by the *New Yorker,* the most conspicuously parasitic organ of that class. There Macdonald spends his days, churning out yard after yard of epicene and stylized prose to fill those interminable columns between the perfume and jewelry ads (e.g., 300-odd pages on the Ford Foundation). It is perhaps understandable that, in the moments when he comes out of the stupor generated by that magazine, frustration should well up within him and overflow, as it did in his article on NATIONAL REVIEW, in an uncontrolled torrent of spite.

As late as 1948, Macdonald classified himself, in print, as a pacifist and a socialist. Although it is certainly safe to assume that his position is different from what it was in 1948—1948 being, for Dwight Macdonald, several intellectual epochs ago—it is not safe to say just what his position is, except that it is not that of NATIONAL REVIEW. NATIONAL REVIEW, being militantly anti-socialist and belligerently anti-pacifist, never hoped to please Dwight Macdonald. But we did expect that, as a professional controversialist professionally interested in developments along the ideological front, he would show himself as being at least passingly familiar with what has been going on in conservative circles in the last decade.

Mr. Macdonald's ignorance turns out to be astonishing. Moreover, as so often is the case with the ignorant, he cheerfully exhibits it. There he was, writing for *Commentary* an authoritative piece on NATIONAL REVIEW and the state of affairs in the Right-wing camp, and early in the piece he writes, "the first issue [of NATIONAL REVIEW] . . . announced sixteen 'Associates and Contributors' of whom I recognize the names of only seven, although I have been around journalistic circles a good many years. Obscurity is no crime—we all have to start somewhere—but, judging from the product, I should guess the obscurity here is deserved."

Macdonald proceeds to list those writers he has heard of, and it turns out that until NATIONAL REVIEW came his way he was not aware of the existence of the following: 1) Frank Chodorov—a former director of the Henry George School, an editor of *Human Events* and the *Freeman,* and author of two widely read books (in order not to have heard of Chodorov it is necessary not to have read a single issue of the *Freeman* during the period when it was the only Right-wing magazine in existence); 2) Forrest Davis—for years Washington editor of the *Saturday Evening Post,* author of the best-seller *How War Came,* and also a former editor of the *Freeman;* 3) Professor Medford Evans —whose book *Secret War for the A-Bomb* caused a deep split in the American Committee for Cultural Freedom of which Mr. Macdonald is a (evidently inactive) member; 4) Professor E. Merrill Root—author of several books of distinguished poetry and of a study of *Collectivism on the Campus* which drew the attention—that is to say, the fire—of dozens of Macdonald's fellow critics as recently as a year ago; 5) Professor Richard M. Weaver—of the University of Chicago, whose *Ideas Have Consequences* and *The Ethics of Rhetoric* are conceded even by their critics to be books

*Dwight Macdonald*

of fundamental intellectual importance; 6) F. A. Voigt—former editor of *Nineteenth Century* and an eminent British journalist; 7) Eudocio Ravines—the Peruvian intellectual who helped organize the Popular Front movement in South America in the thirties, author of the widely quoted best-seller *The Yenan Way;* 8) John C. Caldwell—author of three well-known books on the Far East; 9) Professor Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn—the Austrian political philosopher, author of *Liberty or Equality;* and finally (and perhaps most incredibly) 10) Professor Wilhelm Roepke—dean of the neo-liberal movement in Europe, author of *Civitas Humana,* etc., mentor of Ludwig Erhard, certainly one of the world's four or five most important economists.

Of these men Dwight Macdonald had never heard, and, characteristically, the fact that he has never heard of them means that they are "obscure." Now, one can live a normal and ordered life in ignorance of the existence of any or all of these men. But one hesitates, under the circumstances, to pass oneself off as an informed critic. Rip van Winkle still had a dance or two in him when he awoke from his slumbers, but he did not offer his services as a historian of the preceding twenty years.

What is it that accounts for Mr. Macdonald's extraordinary professional carelessness? He will say, without blinking, "the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW feel themselves excluded from a world they believe is ruled by *Liberals (or eggheads—the terms are, significantly, interchangeable in NR)"* —yet they are not; the word "egghead" is hardly ever used (does it follow, Mr. Macdonald, that *that* is significant?). He will (on purpose?) characterize a humorous account ("I Raised Money for the Ivy League," Nov. 11, 1955) of the stereotyped response of outraged alumnae as a "bitter" complaint against conservative failures. Affecting not to understand the significance of the case of Dr. Dooley (Dec. 7, 1955), he will ask why it was not reported, instead, in the *Journal of Abnormal Psychology.* He will refer to the conservatism of the *Freeman* of Albert Jay Nock as being "the real thing" (the *Freeman* in question was a pro-Soviet revolution, radical, single-tax weekly—and a joy to read). And so on, in matters important and unimportant.[2]

The article itself depends almost entirely on the use of a variety of descriptive adjectives, sent out to off-

[2]No detail is too irrelevant to be reported inaccurately by Mr. Macdonald, not even the size of my family, or the size of my parents' house. "A landmark of the estate," Macdonald has written, "is Buckley's mother's private chapel." Evidently he took a cowbarn for a chapel; but such a correction Mr. Macdonald would classify, I fear, as pettifogging.



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set any claim, however modest, NATIONAL REVIEW might conceivably put forward. The adjectives are not there as auxiliaries in analysis or description; they are used to *avoid* the necessity of analysis. They are instruments of sheer affirmation.

*N.R.* is backed by responsible persons, is it not, concerned to put forward a certain view? (one might ask Mr. Macdonald). *No: those who surround it are "the lumpen bourgeoisie, the half-educated, half-successful provincials."*

Well, then, they are surely normal, healthy, well-adjusted folk? *Decidedly not, they are "anxious, embittered, resentful . . . and they have the slightly paranoiac suspiciousness of an isolated minority group."*

Well, they are intelligent . . .? *Far from it—"these are men from underground, the intellectually underprivileged."*

Is NATIONAL REVIEW's editor capable of doing a good job? *"Yes, he would be an excellent journalist* [—] *if he had a little more humor, common sense, and intellectual curiosity; also if he knew how to write.* [*As I say, Yes*]."

Well, certainly NATIONAL REVIEW has got hold of a good staff of editors. . .

James Burnham?—*"a spectacular backslider from Trotskyism . . . whose intellectual horizon has steadily narrowed to a kind of anti-Communism as sterile and doctrinaire as the ideology he fights."*

Willmoore Kendall?—*"a wild Yale don of extreme, eccentric, and very abstract views."*

Suzanne La Follette?—*"a boiling point even lower than Kendall's."*

William S. Schlamm? —*"vulgar, philistine, chauvinist—in a word, lowbrow."*

Editorials any good?—*"as elegant as a poke in the nose, as cultivated as a camp meeting, as witty as a pratfall."*

Journalistically effective?—*"actually manages to be duller than the liberal weeklies. It is even more predictable, much more long-winded, and a good deal less competent."*

Professional?—*"considering that its editors are by no means journalistic neophytes, it is a remarkably amateurish job."*

Lively?—*"especially painful are the 'light efforts' . . ."*

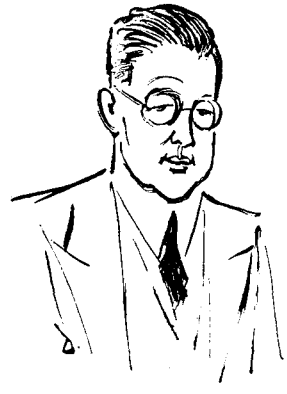
Would he sum up? *NR is characterized by* [the following are subheads in his article] *"Opacity," "Brutality," "Banality," "Vulgarity."* (Mr. Macdonald ought to try his hand at writing lyrics for Danny Kaye.)

And yes: "they call themselves conservatives, but that surely is a misnomer." And in case you don't dig that the first time, Mr. Macdonald says it again, three different times: NATIONAL REVIEW is "pseudo-conservative," NATIONAL REVIEW is "neither good nor conservative," NATIONAL REVIEW represents not conservatism, but merely "a crude patchwork of special interests."

*Chacun à sa nausée!*

## *Mr. Kempton*

Murray Kempton spends very little time reproaching us for not being "truly conservative," for his position (at odds with that of Fischer and Macdonald) is in effect that conservatism doesn't really exist—not in flesh and blood, anyhow—except as a set of very anachronistic abstractions, hardly the stuff a successful weekly



*Murray Kempton*

is made of. "The New American Right," he has written, "is most conspicuous these days for its advanced state of wither"—and how can one reasonably expect a magazine, written and edited by mortals, to arrest something far gone in putrefaction, and bring it back to life?

Kempton does not, any more than Fischer or Macdonald, come to grips with any central political or philosophical stand NATIONAL REVIEW has taken in order to contest it, to discredit it, or even to hold it up to scorn. In the last paragraph but one of his lengthy review, evidently a little conscience-stricken on this score, he confesses, "I have come this far, and I have failed my assignment; I have not explained what a deplorably unenlightened view [NATIONAL REVIEW] takes of, say, the World Health Organization." And that is all one gets to hear—not only about the World Health Organization, but about any issue on which the magazine has spoken.

His complaints are desultory, and he sets them down desultorily. Kempton (who draws his paycheck from the *New York Post!*) complains that NATIONAL REVIEW exhibits "bad taste," and he cites the occasional use by our Washington correspondent, Mr. Sam M. Jones, of "Ave," "Estes," and "Adlai"—"a vulgarism only to be explained as the sort of thing Buckley thinks one has to give one's troops." Our reviewer Robert Phelps should not have made certain references to prefabricated homes. Our effort to co-opt Mencken as a conservative hero was obscene (we made no such effort; Mr. Schlamm specifically disowned him). Senator McCarthy should not have been selected to write the review of Dean Acheson's book. We publish awkward sentences which, though an "awful . . . affront to . . . literary sensibilities," we "feel no compulsion to rewrite." (A few paragraphs later, Mr. Kempton gives birth to the following: "If only all of us could understand that way to just how much of the essential part of ourselves our allies are enemies.") That kind of thing.

But mostly, Kempton complains, we are just plain boring. He entitles his critique "Buckley's National Bore," thus qualifying it for extensive treatment in the *Progressive*. Kempton's indictment, as he goes on to specify it, is more interesting than the collected complaints of Mr. Fischer and Mr. Macdonald. One gets the feeling, he writes, "that nobody on NATIONAL REVIEW has yet felt the compulsion to go out and look at the face of, say, George Meany or Walter Reuther . . ." "I have no right to enforce upon NATIONAL REVIEW my own peculiar notions of what is the stuff of journalism; but it is saddest of all to read [NR's] commentary on American life and find that so little happened with any juice and blood in it." In fact a great deal happened during this period, he writes. Adlai Stevenson fought and won a "terrible battle to preserve his own high



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concept of public purpose," and "Autherine Lucy was stoned from the campus of the University of Alabama . . . But persons possessed by ideology are simply uninterested in that sort of thing: to them there are only ideas and no conflicts of the heart."

In my judgment, Murray Kempton is capable of discerning and appreciating and communicating distinctions of considerable subtlety. He is endowed with the eyes, the mind and the pen which together can produce moving and important social criticism. Sometimes—not often, unfortunately—he appears, in a sentence or two, to be about to take advantage of the generous dispensations he is granted by the Establishment in recognition of his particular talent: sometimes he peers over into prohibited territory, and for a moment or two seems to be staring, horrified, at the metaphysical desert in which he and his friends are living out their lives. But undisciplined in every other respect—he writes, analyzes and muses, the latter being what he does most of, unevenly—here he always pulls himself back, and ends up well within the boundaries of the reservation.

Murray Kempton can be counted upon to do his duty. As regards his calling, he is all professional. He is a soldier militant in the cause of what (for lack of a better term) the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW call "Liberalism." Ultimately life is, for Murray Kempton, an Assignment. Uncommonly resourceful, he is able to embellish his work with considerable wit and force; but he is on a mission, and there is no foolishness about it, and if you look up from reading his column, to take notice of the world around us, you realize that, when all is said and done, he is nothing more than a wordy tractarian.

That explains why a man as manifestly sensitive as he can associate himself with a newspaper that feeds on brutality and prurience. It explains why a man as absorbed as he by the anomalies of our age should select with such monotonous predictability the subjects he covers. It explains his long silence in the case of Paul Hughes. It explains the nature of his attack on—and maybe even his feelings about—NATIONAL REVIEW.

For Murray Kempton even victims, to be victims, must be cast in a tendentious mold. Kempton, who sees us possessed by ideology, can shed copious tears over the persecution of Ammon Hennacy or James Kutcher or Autherine Lucy, but remain impassive in face of the unique suffering of those helpless in face of the glacial advance of Murray Kempton's world.

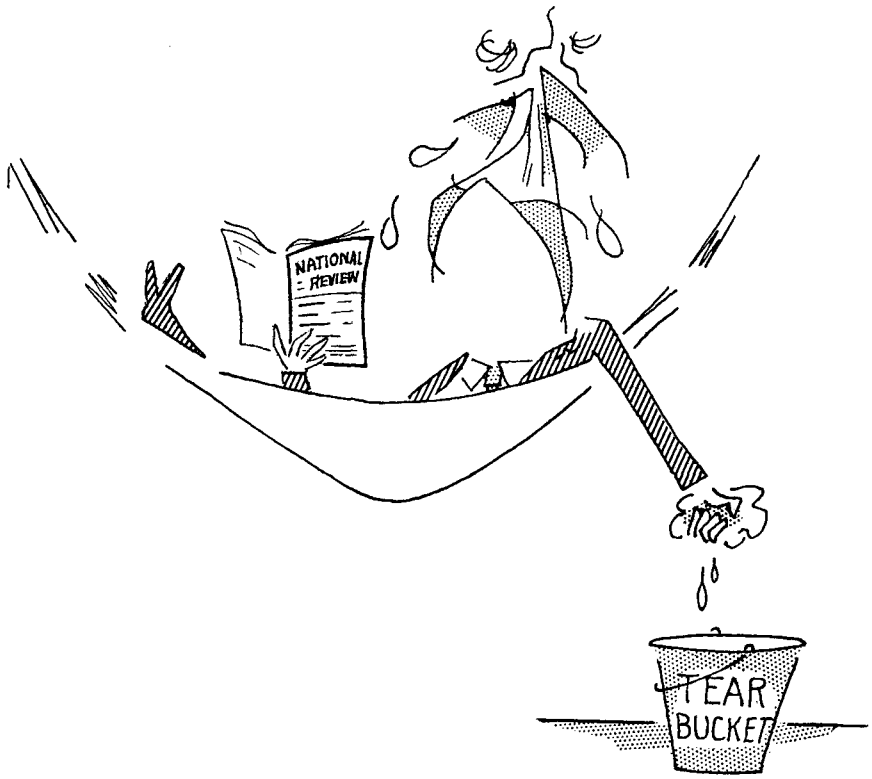
What does it take to qualify for victimization—and the sympathy of Murray Kempton? Autherine Lucy, Ammon Hennacy, Saul Wellman have been pushed around, and Kempton is there with the agonized protest, for the battle is against White Supremacy, the Selective Service Act, and the Smith Act.

Now let me confess to a singular admiration for J. Bracken Lee, the Governor of Utah. Governor Lee, it seems to me, is an unusual man and an extraordinary politician. Having arrived at a set of principles of government, he announced them and succeeded in persuading the electorate to name him governor. On becoming governor, he turned out to be as good as his word, never moving from his position.

Which position is, notoriously, out of favor not only with all Liberals, but also with the dominant members of his own party; so that Governor Lee ends up fighting Utah's Democrats, many of Utah's Republicans, all the nation's Liberals, many of the nation's Republicans, and virtually all the nation's prominent Republicans; and yet Governor Lee proceeds about his business without demagoguery, without rancor (I have read three of his public speeches and I am dumbfounded by his good nature), always aware, in his heart of hearts, that he is on the wrong end of history, and that, ultimately, he will have to pay, with his career, for electing to align himself with the losing side.

Murray Kempton makes four references to Governor Lee (to whom NATIONAL REVIEW has devoted only a single page). Here they are, and in context:

1) "Professor John Abbot Clark can frame a heavy but somehow affecting piece about the decline of humanism in the United States, which [NATIONAL REVIEW] . . . will accept gratefully and then surround with quotations from Senators Bricker and Knowland and Jones' pilgrimage to Georgia to examine the promise of Herman Talmadge or to Arizona to




*Kreuttner*

***"The trouble with you conservatives is that you're not Liberal!"***



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witness the achievement of J. Bracken Lee."

2) "[Imagine] Henry Mencken displaying sample copies of the *American Mercury* to a gathering of the Minute Women of America or dispatching his political correspondent to a motor court in Arizona for a raptured confrontation of Gov. J. Bracken Lee."

3) "Schlamm can quote with approval Mencken's dictum, 'A government is at bottom nothing more than a gang of men, and as a practical matter, most of them are inferior men.' . . . Now this may not be a totally accurate estimate; but a man who holds it can function with it. What cannot function is a magazine which approves the notion and then offers J. Bracken Lee for our study and admiration."

4) "No one who knows the persons [NATIONAL REVIEW] . . . writes about—whether with affection or distaste—could recognize any of them in its pages; what is wanting is their intricate humanity. It is as though even the paper in their lives had been transcribed by an inferior carbon; India is only Nehru; Georgia is only Talmadge; Arizona is only a motor court that is a way station for J. Bracken Lee."

J. Bracken Lee is obviously singularly useful to Murray Kempton; he serves him as a symbol of more or less self-evidently colorless mediocrity. Thus is J. Bracken Lee written off.

*Having explored his intricate humanity? Having looked, hard and long, at his face? Having contemplated the terrible loneliness of the professional politician abhorred by his own party?*

Is Ammon Hennacy so much more courageous—or so much more forlorn—than J. Bracken Lee?

I put it to Mr. Kempton: if you want to attain to the status of an authentic critic, rather than to that of executioner for sectarian interests, cut it out. If you're short on faces to look at, have a look, when Autherine Lucy gives out, at the men in Kohler Wisconsin who want to work, or at the millions behind the Iron Curtain who want to live. If you have any trouble finding them, NATIONAL REVIEW can tell you where they are. Now, be off with you.

## *National Review's Offense*

The kind of criticism levelled at NATIONAL REVIEW by Messrs. Fischer, Macdonald and Kempton leaves little doubt, it seems to me, as to the nature of our offense. NATIONAL REVIEW is neither supine nor irrelevant. It does not consult Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., to determine the limits of tolerable conservative behavior, nor does it subsist on mimeographed clichés describing The Plot to Destroy America. It has gathered together men of competence and sanity who have, quietly and with precision, gone to work on the problems of the day and turned over many stones, to expose much cant and ugliness and intellectual corruption. It is to be expected that They should set the hounds on us.

For several years, the dominant intellectual agitators in the United States have got away with the fiction that those who substantially disagree with them do so because they suffer from serious diseases of one kind or another. The theory holds that not intellection, but social or psychic difficulties are responsible for the perversity of Right-wing dissent. That theory—which after all makes everything so easy for the Fischers, Macdonalds and Kemptons — fascinates the great social diagnosticians. Many have had a go at it. It is the most recent enthusiasm of Peter Viereck, Richard Hofstadter, David Riesman, and Daniel Bell. The theory attained its academic apogee in the work of T. W. Adorno *et al.* on *The Authoritarian Personality* in which it was "discovered" via laboratory techniques, no less, that conservatives of the tough variety are, at heart, little dictators. Tactically, the theory is wonderfully useful, and the Liberals will continue to live off it as long as they can get away with it. NATIONAL REVIEW, in that its neuroses are not so very easy to identify—witness the failure of three of their most expensive assassins—inconveniences that thesis, and hence becomes a high-priority target.

So be it. The magazine suffers from many imperfections, which we hope, little by little, to move in on. We shall continue to be grateful for counsel from our allies. Liberals, however, should submit their recommendations in self-addressed, stamped envelopes.

# *Two Poems*

**E. MERRILL ROOT**

## The Only Granite

Orpheus played upon his lyre:
Music flowed like dancing fire—
Music danced like flowing rivers—
Music ran as lightning quivers. . . .
And from out that music's power
Thebes the city, tower on tower,
Wall and garden, house and street,
Palace, temple, rose complete.
Out of song arose the great
City, lively and sedate!

And how else can cities come?
When the poet's lips are dumb,
Only terror, ugliness,
Sham and shadow, hate and stress,
Rise in fatal caricature
Of the noble and the pure
City of the soul's desire;
And the end is bloody fire.
Pray for Orpheus: seek the strong
Substance of his fragile song,
Knowing on this troubled planet
Music is the only granite.

## Red and White

Now the wild-cherries are red
Like orchards of rubies spread
  Under tawny August light;
And who will riddle me how
The fruit is red on the bough
  Where the flowers of May were white?

Why should the silver flower
Become, with the lapsing hour,
  The fruit of this crimson glow?
How can the cherries be
Red on the same, same tree
  Where the flowers were sunny snow?

What mind may comprehend
The origin or the end
  Of the rhythm of endless light?
What is the word here said?—
*White that the fruit be red,*
  *Red that the flower be white!*



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## Special Supplement

# *They Speak for the Silent*

In order that they may become part of the historical record of our time, NATIONAL REVIEW here makes public two documents as remarkable in their origin as in their content. They were written by two groups of Ukrainian political prisoners at the Soviet concentration camp complex located in Mordovia, about four hundred miles southeast of Moscow.

The original Ukrainian texts, dated September and October 1955, are painstakingly written, in a purple that looks rather like the old-fashioned "indelible pencil" marking, on pieces of linen cloth that may have been torn from the lining of a coat or dress. Such writing on cloth, which lends itself to concealment, is a classic underground device.

So concealed, the pieces of linen made their slow, hazardous journey westward. By stages that cannot, of course, be revealed, the documents finally reached a representative in Western Europe of the "Supreme Ukrainian Liberation Council" (UHVR), the governing committee of the Ukrainian underground. From Europe the documents were brought to Mr. Mikola Lebed, Secretary General for Foreign Affairs of the UHVR. Mr. Lebed is well known to us. We have inspected the original texts and gone over with him and his associates the history of their transmission.

The first of the documents is addressed to the United Nations, and Mr. Lebed is now endeavoring to bring it formally and forcefully to UN attention. The second, less formal, is intended primarily for Ukrainian refugees and émigrés in countries outside the Soviet Empire.

We call particular attention to the continuity here revealed in the internal measures of the Stalin and the post-Stalin regimes. The concentration camp system continues as a basic institution in the Soviet structure. The proclaimed amnesty of 1953 applied only to prisoners with sentences under ten years. Most of these were not allowed to return home, but were forced to remain as compulsory settlers in the penal regions.

These documents are the first to disclose that revolts in the camps began before Stalin's death. In the autumn of 1952 they were started in the Karaganda camp system by former soldiers of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, the force that fought first against the Reichswehr and then against the Bolsheviks, and which still fights from the underground. The 1953 strike in the Vorkuta complex, hitherto thought to be the first, was led by three hundred of the insurgents who had been transferred from Karaganda. Further strikes followed in Noril'sk, Vorkuta again, the Kingir camps (in Kazakhstan), the camps of Verkhnoye-Imbatskoye and Mirnoye, from 1953 on into the present. The Kingir strikes lasted for two and a half months in 1954, and (according to the direct testimony of the Hungarian Dr. Fedor Varkonyi, here confirmed) were suppressed finally when the MVD used tanks to crush hundreds of the prisoners.

The first document asks: "Does the civilized world know that, over the mass burial sites of the prison camps, new camps and cities are built, canals are dug, and stadiums are erected, in order to obliterate the traces of these crimes?" This is presumably a thoughtful precaution of the Khrushchev-Bulganin regime as part of its preparation for receiving tourists and visitors from the West. We may recall that toward the end of World War Two, when it became probable that the Nazis were going to be defeated, the Gestapo carried through a similar construction program in the attempt to conceal the mass slaughters in their death camps.

## *An Open Letter*

*To the United Nations, Division on Human Rights, and to the Entire Civilized World*

*From the Prisoners in Camps in the USSR*

We, the prisoners in the Mordovian special camps, wish to bring the following statement to the attention of the entire civilized world.

We, Ukrainians, are in favor of any movement whose aims are freedom and truth; we advocate cultural progress in all walks of life, and we stand behind self-determination for all nations, including the United Ukrainian State.

We have no desire to exaggerate the facts of the situation that has long existed in Ukraine. We do not ask for mercy or pardon. We demand our right to live under laws that should be recognized by the entire civilized world — the world of twentieth-century civilization. This civilization has been spearheaded by a number of humanitarian elements, from small groups on up through national leaders. They include the great world-wide organization, the United Nations.

Our Ukrainian nation, like a number of other nations, has come under the conquering heel of Red Russia. We have been deprived of the basic rights of existence. We have been driven into camps, with severe sentences of from ten to twenty-five years — not for criminal acts, as the Bolsheviks maintain before the rest of the world; not for arson, treason, or murder; but because we, like every freedom-loving people, demand our lawful rights in our own land.

The question therefore arises: Does the civilized world know about the conditions prevailing not only among us prisoners, but throughout our country? Does the civilized world know that, when we have served our sentences, we are exiled to the so-called virgin lands of Kazakhstan, Krasnoyarsk, and the Far North —



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while they proclaim that it is volunteers and members of the Komsomol who go out to those areas?

Can the civilized world conceive of Ukrainian sovereignty without a Ukrainian government, without a Ukrainian army, and without the Ukrainian people? If Ukraine is sovereign — and she should be — why is there no army composed exclusively of Ukrainians? Why do Ukrainians serve their terms in the army beyond the borders of their country? Why are military units composed of Russians and other nationalities to whom the interests of the Ukrainian people are alien, if not directly hostile, stationed in our country? If we are traitors and if our punishment is just, why were we tried by "peoples' " or "military" courts, whose composition is certainly not Ukrainian? Why do we not serve our terms on Ukrainian territory, which was ravaged by the last war and is in need of reconstruction? Why do we have to work at the cultivation of wild, remote lands and forests, when there is such a need for our forces at home?

### *On Human Bones*

Does the civilized world know that, over the mass burial sites of the prison camps, new camps and cities are built, canals are dug, and stadiums are erected, in order to obliterate the traces of these crimes? In Abez' (Komi ASSR), Camps 1, 4 and 5 stand on former cemeteries. At Zavod 5 in Leplya (Mordovskaya ASSR), the first and second polishing shops, the technical laboratory, and the forge were erected on human bones. Does the world know about the mass executions of prisoners who only demanded their rights as political internees? (At Mine 29 in Vorkuta, Attorney-General Rudenko was in charge of the firing squads.) Is it known that, in Kingir (P. O. Box 392, Colonies 1 and 3, Kazakhstan), men and women demanding their lawful rights were charged by four tanks and crushed by them?

Does the civilized world know that Ukraine has suffered starvation for thirty-eight years, in addition to the artificial famine of 1933; that Western Ukraine has been inundated by floods, and that the people have been condemned to death by starvation, with no hope of aid from "humanitarian, peace-loving" Communist Russia? This at a time when millions of tons of grain are exported abroad for propaganda purposes, when all sorts of foreign delegations visit model collective farms (special display models) and factories in the USSR.

In the postwar period (1945-55), Russia has raised the level of light and heavy industry beyond the prewar level. This was accomplished by a toll of millions of prisoners. Those prisoners raised the issue of improved living conditions—an improvement essential for any creature that breathes air (after between nine and eleven hours of work in the mines, the prisoners were shut up like cattle in close, stinking barracks furnished with the well-known "slop buckets"). Some of these prisoners were shot, others were crushed by tanks. Many of them received additional sentences of from ten to twenty-five years and were put in jail, where they are to this day.

This is addressed to the civilized world of the twentieth century—a century of education and progress. We feel certain that anyone who reads these lines will experience revulsion and contempt for the "just and humanitarian" Communist Party of Russia and the crimes committed against the nations it has enslaved.

We are not discouraged, because we know that our will for freedom is founded on natural law, and we believe that the entire civilized world will uphold us in our course.

### *Resolutions*

Bearing in mind the foregoing points, we, the prisoners in the Mordovian special camps, have adopted the following resolutions:

I

a. A commission should be appointed for precise verification of the facts as we have stated them: that Attorney-General Rudenko and Deputy Minister of the MVD Maslennikov were distinguished by the cruelty of their conduct in Vorkuta and Noril'sk in 1953, and in Karaganda in 1954.

b. The fact that Camps 1, 4 and 5 in Abez' (Komi ASSR) and Zavod 5 (Mordovskaya ASSR) were built on cemetery grounds should be verified. Similar cases are not hard to find—there are forty-four such camps in this area.

c. We demand that the cemeteries be put in order, that the buildings and plants on them be razed, and that memorials be erected to the dead, as a symbol of perpetual shame to the Red slaveholders. Since members of all nationalities of the world are numbered among the dead, a special international organization should be established for the purpose of erecting these memorials.

d. We demand comprehensive social security for the orphans, widows, and parents (if they are not fit for work) of these victims of cruel injustice; also for those persons and their families who have suffered complete physical disability in camps and are unable to provide for themselves and their families.

e. Since an entire family is held responsible for an offense committed by one member (they are all subject to exile, deportation, confiscation of property) and a man's grandson as well as his son may suffer because of an act he himself committed, there have appeared castes of "reliables" and "unreliables." The "unreliables" live under constant oppression, persecution and misery. We therefore demand that these people be given back their

### *From the UN Universal Declaration of Human Rights*

**Article 3. Everyone has the right to life, liberty and security of person.**

**Article 4. No one shall be held in slavery or servitude. . .**

**Article 5. No one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment.**

**Article 6. Everyone has the right to recognition everywhere as a person before the law. . .**

**Article 15. (2) No one shall be arbitrarily deprived of his nationality nor denied the right to change his nationality. . . .**

**Article 18. Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion . . .**

**Article 19. Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression . . .**

**Article 20. (3) The will of the people shall be the basis of the authority of government . . .**



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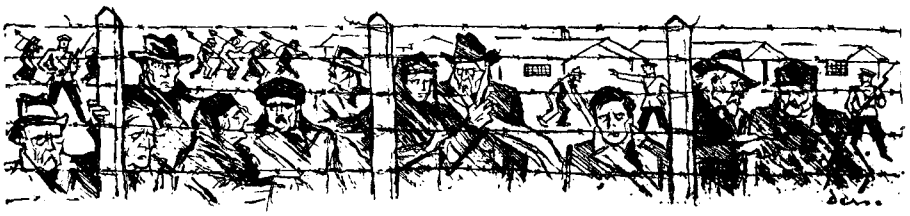

rights as human beings, that they receive social security, and that they be permitted to return to their countries.

f. We demand that all persons who have served out their sentences be permitted to return to their native lands. We protest the passing of sentences up to twenty-five years on a mass basis, because such a sentence is a sentence for life.

g. All persons who underwent a second trial and were then transferred from camp to jail because of their participation in camp strikes or in any other form of mass or individual protest against the violation of their rights as political prisoners should be released from jail and their sentences annulled.

h. All desert lands, pits, mines, and forests that became part of the USSR after their discovery or cultivation should belong to the nations whose sons and daughters worked on them and strewed them with their bones.

II

a. We demand the establishment of an international control commission charged with the fair distribution of aid earmarked for underdeveloped countries and for disaster areas (including the USSR).

b. We are wholeheartedly in favor of extending aid to all those who need it—regardless of their nationality, religion, race, or political convictions. But we cannot agree that bread should be torn from the mouths of the starving and sent abroad as aid, when it is really for purposes of propaganda. This is done in the Soviet Union, at a time when millions of people are starving.

III

a. Whereas every criminal act against the enslaved nations is perpetrated with the knowledge of the Politburo and of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, we demand that the entire ruling class of the Soviet Union be brought before international justice.

b. Yezhov, Beria, Abakumov and others, whose execution was ordered by the security organs in order to deceive people at home and abroad, cannot be held responsible for everything, because crimes against the enslaved nations continue to be perpetrated.

IV

We, Ukrainians, make the following demands on purely nationalist grounds:

a. All Russian nationals shall be required to leave Ukrainian territory. They shall not be permitted to return until such time as Russia abandons her dream of denationalizing, assimilating and eventually devouring Ukraine—until she ceases to regard herself as Big Brother. It is a distortion of reality and of historical fact to speak of "the union of Ukraine with Russia." Ukraine has always been cruelly enslaved by Russia.

b. We concede the right of other nationals—unless they have been sent by the Russian Government for aggressive purposes—to live on Ukrainian territory, enjoying equal rights with the Ukrainian people. Russians may live there only when they begin to be governed by general standards of morality.

c. As long as there are armed forces in the world, the only units stationed in Ukraine are to be composed exclusively of Ukrainians and under the command of Ukrainians; all soldiers and commanders not of Ukrainian extraction are to be withdrawn beyond the borders of our country. This also applies to the administrative and security organs of the MVD.

d. Anyone who violates the laws of Ukraine is to be tried before a Ukrainian people's or military court; if convicted, his sentence will be served within the national borders.

*Note*: We request that the citizens of the world be informed of this letter by the United Nations, Division on Human Rights.

We have signed with initials and pseudonyms, so as to forestall any possible consequences.

[Signed by initials and pseudonyms of five deputies from the women's column and eight deputies from the men's column of prisoners.]
30/IX/55

# *From Women Political Prisoners*

### *To Ukrainians in the Free World*

DEAR FRIENDS:

We want to take advantage of this opportunity to tell you in brief what the Bolsheviks say about you—our political émigrés of the last decade—in their so-called lectures and in recent articles in the press. We would also like to give the Ukrainians abroad who are not indifferent to our fate some idea of the conditions prevailing among political prisoners in special Soviet camps since the war.

Lectures on Ukrainian affairs are delivered by important officials in the Mordovian Party, and not by members of the administration of local special camps. The main point in what they have been saying about you is roughly as follows: Although the number of Ukrainian political émigrés in the last decade has been small, the group is torn by dissension and split into many parties. They are politically shortsighted, and they no longer enjoy popularity among their people, whose support they have lost. They are not fighting for anything real—just for the capital letter "U." The Bolsheviks cite the names of our most prominent political leaders abroad, calling them "the most despicable betrayers of the Ukrainian people."

Lectures on Ukrainian affairs were recently discontinued. The reason may lie in the prisoners' dignified reaction to the Bolsheviks' tendentious distortion of historical fact. These lectures, held at unexpected times, caused us spiritual anguish. But at the same time, they were a welcome event, because they allowed us to think (correctly, we hope) that our



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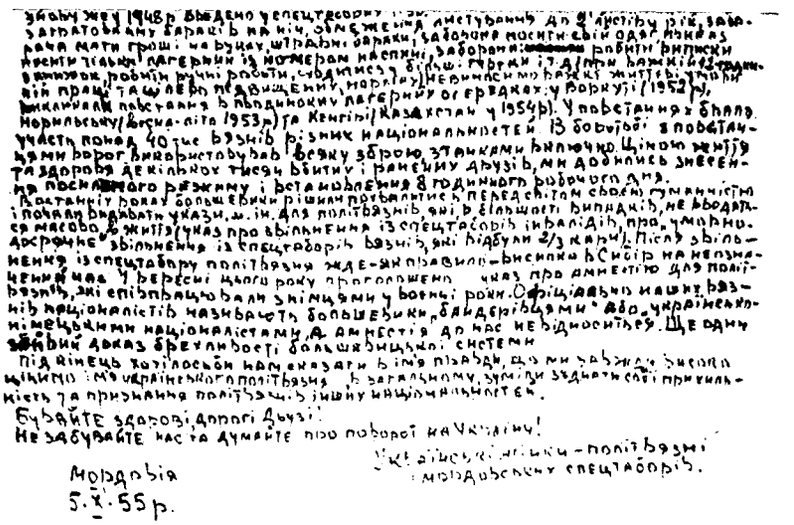
position in international politics had improved and that the Bolsheviks were therefore intensifying their propaganda efforts in the pertinent direction. Political prisoners of other nationalities in the Soviet Union envy us without rancor, and they hope that we did not rejoice in vain.

Among recent printed works attacking us, first place is occupied in the libraries of the Mordovian special camps by the brochures of Halan (*Selected Works,* 1954), of Belyayev, and of M. Rudnitskiy (*Under Alien Banners*). They are permeated with monstrous, unparalleled venom, bigotry, and hatred for everything Ukrainian and non-Communist.

Entire chapters in these libelous sheets are devoted to you, our political émigrés of today. Emphasis is placed on internal disorder, dissensions, the struggle for power, the lust for gain, and political immaturity. Our attitude toward all forms of Bolshevik propaganda is the same. We are convinced that the written and the spoken word in the Soviet "prison of nations" is hopelessly slanted. We firmly believe that, with the benefit of past experience, you will do your duty with honor—a moral duty imposed by the nation upon its political émigrés; that your years in exile will not prove to be time lost; that you are using this time to good advantage; and that you will return to Ukraine with your forces undiminished and with an awareness of all important theories successfully practiced in Europe and the rest of the world, so that our nation may benefit from them. We believe that your long sojourn abroad will not diminish your longing for your country and that it will not make you want to live abroad for the rest of your lives.

## *Cold, Famine, Overwork*

And now a few words about living conditions among political prisoners in Soviet special camps during the postwar years. The basic features of the Bolshevik prison-camp system have not changed. Almost all of the special camps are located in areas where the climate is severe (Kolyma, Taymyr, Siberia, Komi, Kazakhstan). Sentences for political crimes vary in length from five years (for a single attempt, as they say in jest, at "suspect" thought) to twenty-five years in



*Facsimile of a portion of the original letter, written on linen, from Ukrainian women to their countrymen in exile. The letter was smuggled out of a Mordovian prison camp.*

so-called corrective labor camps, and from fifteen to twenty years of penal servitude. In the immediate postwar period, famine, unendurably hard labor, and appalling sanitary conditions took a toll of thousands of political prisoners.

Again in 1948 a so-called strict regime was introduced in the special camps. The iron-barred barracks were locked at night. Correspondence was restricted to two letters per year. No one was permitted to keep cash. There were penal barracks. Prisoners were not allowed to wear their own clothes but had to wear prison uniforms with numbers on the back; they were not allowed to take notes from books, to engage in handicrafts, to assemble in large groups, and so forth. All this was coupled with twelve hours at hard labor and a deliberate increase in the work norms.

The unbearable living conditions brought about uprisings in certain camp centers—Vorkuta in 1953, Noril'sk in the spring and summer of 1953, and Kengir (Kazakhstan) in 1954. Over forty thousand prisoners of different nationalities took part in the uprisings. In suppressing them, the enemy used all kinds of weapons, including tanks. At the cost of several thousand comrades killed or wounded, we brought about the abolition of the stricter regime and the introduction of an eight-hour day.

In the last few years the Bolsheviks have paraded their humanitarianism before the world. They issued decrees that also pertained to political prisoners, but most of them were not put into effect on a comprehensive scale (the decree releasing invalids from special camps, the "probationary" release of political prisoners who had served two-thirds of their terms). Following their release from special camps, prisoners can usually expect to be exiled to Siberia for an indefinite period.

## *Bolshevik Perfidy*

In September of this year, an amnesty was declared for political prisoners who had collaborated with the Germans during the war. The official Bolshevik term for our nationalist prisoners is "*Banderivtsi*" or "Ukraino-German Nationalists," and the amnesty does not apply to us—another proof of the perfidy of the Bolshevik system.

For the sake of the truth, we want to say in conclusion that we hold the name, Ukrainian political prisoners, in deep respect and that we have, generally speaking, gained favor and recognition from political prisoners of other nationalities.

God bless you, dear friends. Do not forget us, and keep in mind your return to Ukraine.

UKRAINIAN WOMEN
Political Prisoners in the
Mordovian Special Camps
*Mordovia*
*5 October 1955*



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# NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

## *A Wedge in the Door*

There is a fair chance that in the few weeks remaining to it, Congress will pass legislation forbidding the use of Veterans Administration funds for educating veterans in Communist-owned schools. The Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations has discovered that at least four secondary educational institutions, owned and run by Communists, have received over $3,000,000 from the United States Government for veterans' tuition since 1945. The Subcommittee has concluded that since the 1944 "GI Bill" provisions prohibit the VA from denying funds to schools "approved" by state agencies, congressional action is needed to exclude Communist schools.

The proposed legislation, introduced by Chairman McClellan, and co-sponsored by the other Subcommittee members, Senators Symington, Jackson, Ervin, McCarthy, Mundt and Bender, would require the owners of all private secondary schools to file non-Communist affidavits as a prerequisite to receiving VA funds.

The Robert Louis Stevenson School, a private high school in New York City, is the kind of institution the Subcommittee has in mind. From 1934 to 1952, the school was solely owned by Dr. Annette Rubinstein. Dr. Rubinstein's brother, Leo D. Rhodes—a member of a partnership that had bought the school in 1952—testified that 23 teachers were fired on grounds of sympathy for Communism when the present ownership took over. John Huber, a former Communist, told the Subcommittee that he had seen Dr. Rubinstein's name, on a number of occasions, on the membership list of the James Connelly branch of the Communist Party in New York. Dr. Bella Dodd, also a former Communist, testified that while she had never seen Dr. Rubinstein's Party card, she had dealt with the latter as a Party member. In her appearance before the Subcommittee, Dr. Rubinstein invoked the Fifth Amendment on questions of her membership in the Communist Party.

Summarizing the case, the Subcommittee stated: "During the period of Annette Rubinstein's proprietorship, that is, from 1946 to 1952, approximately 4,000 veterans attended the institution. A total of $2,081,397.96 was paid to the school by the Veterans Administration . . ."

Had the Justice Department been on its toes and included the schools investigated by the Subcommittee on the Attorney General's list, such schools would not have received funds after 1948. The Subcommittee found that "beginning in 1948 the Administrator of Veterans Affairs adopted the policy of not paying any Federal funds for education of veterans attending schools on the Attorney General's list." (Congress legitimized the Administrator's policy with regard to Korean war veterans in 1952; but the policy remained an unauthorized administrative decision with respect to World War Two veterans.)

The McClellan Bill, requiring non-Communist affidavits from school owners, would deny federal funds to such Communist schools, irrespective of whether they have been tabbed by the Attorney General.

The foregoing could be counted on to engender enthusiastic support for the McClellan Committee's proposal among Capitol Hill conservatives were it not for the apprehensions of a prudent minority. A handful of conservatives—who have opposed increased federal aid to education with the argument that "federal aid means, inevitably, federal *control*"—are wondering whether the McClellan Bill sponsors are not in the process of proving their argument. Such fears are well-grounded: however desirable the McClellan Bill may be, policy-wise, it could well become an important wedge in the door for those who seek increasing federal supervision of education.

The "GI Bill" was the first, and is still the only, large-scale federal aid program in the field of education. When it enacted the original GI Bill in 1944, Congress was careful to provide safeguards against federal usurpation of the states' right to determine and control educational policy. Congress felt it could not responsibly finance veterans' education at just *any* school, but having due respect for states' rights, it left the job of approving schools to "state approving agencies." The Act provided, moreover, that *"No department, agency, or officer of the United States, in carrying out the provisions of this part, shall exercise any supervision or control, whatsoever, over any state educational agency, or any educational or training institution . . ."*

The McClellan Bill—for all of its merits as an anti-Communist measure—represents a sharp departure from the principle set forth in the 1944 Act. And therein is adumbrated a profoundly disturbing paradox: in the months and years ahead, it is conservatives, not Liberals, who will predictably transform federal aid into federal control. Since public education is right now pretty much as the Liberals would have it, there will be little temptation in the immediate future for Liberals to try to attach strings to federal appropriations for education. The only exception lies in the segregation issue, and Southerners will have the marginal strength to block a Powell-type provision for some time to come.

With conservatives, the problem will be more pressing: should the federal government embark on a large-scale federal-aid-to-education program, the very legislators who are concerned lest federal tax-exemption policies help organizations like the Fund for the Republic propagate "left-wing" ideas, may be expected to challenge the desirability of the federal government subsidizing "left-wing" ideas in the schools. A conservative congressman will be tempted to argue, even as the McClellan Bill sponsors do today: "Why should my constituents' money be used to subsidize objectionable ideas?" Should conservatives win two or three victories with that argument, they will have been given the inch that will entitle Liberals, from then on, to take miles and miles.

Perhaps conservatives will resist future temptations to tie strings to federal aid, but the prospects would be brighter if Congress should say No to the McClellan Bill.



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# Foreign Trends . . . w.

## *The Soviet Miracle: Facts & Figures*

Last June, the Soviet Government published (in a first edition of 100,000 copies) a new *Statistical Manual of the Soviet Economy.* It was an event, if only for the reason that the previous *Manual* had been published more than twenty years before (for the years 1934-35).

The importance of the new *Manual* lies simply in the accumulation of statistical figures—not necessarily in their accuracy. For it is generally conceded, sometimes even by Soviet authorities, that statistical information, in the Soviet Union, is strictly "a weapon in the class struggle," *i.e.*, an unmitigated lie. But if manifold statistics must be correlated to fit the universal picture of a functioning economy (as they are even in a Soviet *Manual*), their mendaciousness is either less emphasized or more telling. In such a case, in other words, even the deceitful figures (because they must be maintained and checked against so many other figures and cross-references) reveal important aspects of reality.

To begin with the most elementary bit of statistical information, the figure for the total population of the Soviet Union is 200.2 million—and this figure impressed the long-suffering "experts" on the Soviet Union as perhaps the greatest sensation of the *Manual.* For the official Soviet census has insisted, any number of times since 1945, that the Soviet population is considerably larger. A conservative evaluation of all Russian statistics published before and since the Soviet Revolution of 1917 results in the estimate that wars, revolution, terror, "planned" economy—in general, Communism—have cost the peoples of the Soviet Union about 60 million destroyed or unborn lives since 1917: Assuming the normal rate in the population growth of these peoples, the population of the Soviet Union should today be over 260 million.

The *Manual* estimates that about 100 million Soviet citizens work for a living, but only 17.3 million can be considered *industrial* "workers and employees." More than 43 million are listed under the heading "agriculture and forestry." More than 55 per cent of the total Soviet population live in agricultural territory, according to the *Manual,* and the 17.3 million industrial "workers and employees" are distributed among approximately 30,000 industrial plants. Thus the median size of the Soviet's state-owned enterprises is a factory of 570 workers and employees.

Only 1,700 plants employ more than 1,000 persons each—which means that no more than 5 per cent of the Soviet Union's "working people" are connected with what Marxists consider the relevant sector of modern economy. But, on closer analysis, the situation looks even more disturbing to worshippers of mass industry: Only 480 units, in a land of 200 million people, can be really considered of the proper "giant" size (more than 3,000 employees); and they are manned by only 2.5 million of the Soviet Union's 100 million "working people." If, in short, the Soviet Union is out to "catch up with the U.S." it has still some distance to go.

Faced with this disillusioning net result of its information, the *Manual* tries to make up "in quality" what it must concede in quantity. And it is here that it reaches the loftiest height of mendacity. It contends that the "national industrial gross product" of 1955 is no less than 39 times Russia's "industrial gross product" of 1913! Which, if it means anything at all, would mean that, in 1913, the mighty Russian empire lived on the industrial "exploitation" of about 450,000 "toilers."

And the *Manual* leaps to an ultimate somersault of improbability by assuring us that the "Soviet productivity" of 1955 was exactly 6.8 times that of 1928. Which would mean, even assuming that the Soviet Union's working force has not grown at all since 1928, that its total industrial product of 1928 was equivalent to

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en—in a nation of 200 million
ple. But even the blindest enemies
Communism would not contend
the living standard of the Soviet
had reached that unfathomable
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ians who are afraid that Com-
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in material living standards—
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iers Professor Tillich no end), I'd
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st istics. The average annual income
o e Soviet Union's unskilled laborer is 9 000 rubles (at the official exch rate, $750). The official annu me of Marshal Zhukov, how-
e ,000,000 rubles ($250,000) on
w e pays practically no taxes.
Thi called the abolition of class
d ences by, of all things, "a Christia heresy."

## *Out of Mr. Nehru's Mouth*

A book is about to be published in Germany that deserves some attention in the U.S. It is called *Conversations with Nehru,* and its author, Tibor Mende, reports in it on days of intimate talks he had with India's Prime Minister last winter. The book has been clearly authorized by Nehru, and so its verbatim quotations of Nehru's articulated thought can be considered official.

This is what, in Mr. Mende's forthcoming book, Mr. Nehru says, programatically, on Communism: "Perhaps we Indians believe in the Communist ideal. For us—and by that I mean the majority of India's population—Communism as a social ideal is no frightening ghost. Also, we have nothing against Socialism. There is here, in theory, hardly a difference."

And on Foreign Aid Mr. Nehru had this to say: "When and if aid is offered against the alleged Communist menace, or the alleged Western menace, then it is each time tainted aid—not to speak of the fact that, by it, one commits oneself to a certain policy."

Yet Messrs. Bowles and Stassen will continue to sell Foreign Aid to India as a weapon of "anti-Communism" and Mr. Nehru as an "anti-Communist."



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# The Moral ... nsequence of Mr. Keynes

**The morally deleter... ience of John Maynard Keynes is no new disc... r the Master of Pembroke College (Oxford). H... epeatedly warned against it in the nineteen thirties.**

R. B. McCALLUM

Only a shallow philosophy of histo... would attribute the outbreak of ... war to the publication of a book. T... war of 1939 rose from many caus...; but was a very curious affair ... one might say of it that it was a w... t was not so much caused as pe... d. The Peace Settlement of 1... l made provision for the proba... e of German militant nationalism. ... d limited Germany's land and sea fo...s, forbidden her an air force; and the bordering states, France, Poland and Czechoslovakia, supported as they were by the tremendous naval power of Britain in European waters, did not lack the armed might to deal with her. Their failure to do so is both a moral and a political problem.

After the passions of war a reaction is inevitable, but if we study British opinion we find it was originated and stimulated by one book, John Maynard Keynes' *Economic Consequences of the Peace*. The economic arguments of this famous book have been severely challenged by the late Etienne Mantoux in his *Carthaginian Peace*. But it is the political consequences of it that matter most. From the moment of its publication Liberal opinion became utterly estranged from the peace settlement, and a moral rot set in that paralyzed British opinion when the crisis eventually came. What were the reasons for this success? Certainly the book was written with clarity and vigor, and by a man who must stand as one of the most intellectually distinguished of his generation. But this is not enough. For a book to make such a mark it must find the right audience and the right moment. How did this come about?

It should be remembered that English Liberals in the period after 1914 were very much under a cloud. The brilliant Asquith government of 1908-1915 had fallen, and the Tories had, in effect, taken their place although Lloyd George, the most radical of all Liberals, remained in place and power. The more refined and intellectual Liberals viewed him with horror, and of these none was more refined and intellectual than Keynes. He was of the purest brand of Cambridge: a don; the son of a don; a Fellow of King's, the most exquisite of all Cambridge Colleges; a former scholar of Eton; and thus a man brought up in a ring within a ring, the center of an intellectual elite within a social elite. Harvard and Oxford are notorious for conscious superiority and for intellectual pride. It is not perhaps so generally known that there are always some circles in Cambridge compared with which both Oxford and Harvard have something apostolic and vulgar about them.

## *When Liberals Were Disliked*

English Liberals in 1919 felt persecuted. Even before the war they faced massive unpopularity as people who would starve the Navy, sell Ireland and the Empire, and truckle to the masses. The war, with its outbursts of xenophobia, increased this tenfold. It is amazing now to read of the brutal and vulgar attacks by the late Horatio Bottomley and other scribes on what they termed "the old gang" and the "pro-Germans."

In England, however, persecution is a mild affair. It is true that those who actually spoke in favor of stopping the war, such as Bertrand Russell, were roughly handled at meetings, but in general an English persecution is psychic and not material. Liberals did not lose their jobs, although many lost their seats in Parliament; and many, like Keynes, were in highly influential government posts. But they felt like toads under the harrow; it does not much matter how large the harrow is so long as it is a harrow. We must remember, moreover, that the Toryism which was triumphant in 1918 was very different from the cringing, halting, apologetic conservatism, honeyed with sweet words, of Eden, that we see today. These Tories did hate Liberals and radicals; cads and traitors they called them, and they meant it, every word. Inferior in number, inferior in wealth, inferior usually in robustness of personality, less eminent in their military achievement (Asquith's majority in Parliament rose by fifty in 1914 when seventy Conservatives were called to the forces as opposed to twenty Liberals), the Liberals naturally felt themselves to be a remnant in Israel, as some of them (but not Keynes) would have phrased it. They waited for a demonstration of their own rightness and superiority, something "comely and reviving to the spirits of just men long oppressed," and they got it.

Keynes' book may or may not be a convincing demonstration of the possibility of obtaining massive reparations. But it is not a cold intellectual demonstration. It is tense with passion, and on the political side where his knowledge and concern was proportionately less, it is very passionate and prejudiced indeed. For those who put themselves forward as apostles of pure reason can be swayed by passion when the dictates of their reason fail to commend themselves to slower minds and coarser personalities.

## *Revealing Document*

Of the nature of Keynes' rational processes we know much, for in 1949 there was published by his expressed wish to his literary executors a short memoir by his own hand entitled *My Early Beliefs*. This is a remarkable



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document. Professor Moore's *Principia Ethica,* published in his first year at Cambridge, was the cardinal book in forming his mind, and that of many of the small, very select and ultimately distinguished group of men with whom he associated. He claims that he escaped from Bentham, "the worm which has been gnawing at the insides of modern civilization," though many who would agree with that judgment would prefer the robust simplicity of Benthamite rationalism to the esoteric, hyperesthetic brand of rationalism in which Keynes found his haven. He goes on to say that he and his set were the unrepentant upholders of another eighteenth-century heresy: "We were among the last of the Utopians, or meliorists, who believe in continuing moral progress by virtue of which the human race already consists of reliable, rational decent people, influenced by truth and objective standards and inflexible rules of conduct and left, from now on, to their own sensible devices, pure motives and reliable intuitions of the good." He admits later that "we completely misunderstood human nature including our own. The rationality which we attributed to it," he adds, "led to a superficiality, not only of judgment but of feeling."

He also says: "we repudiated all versions of the doctrine of original sin, of there being both insane and irrational springs of wickedness in most men . . . We had no respect for traditional wisdom or the restraints of custom. We lacked reverence for everyone and everything." This is a heavy confession for a man to make in the fifth decade of the twentieth century. But it can hardly be called a recantation, since he observes: "it seems to me, looking back, that this religion of ours was a very good one to grow up under. It remains nearer the truth than any other I know." It would seem that the sage of Cambridge was willing to unlearn something but not to learn anything. It is significant that of the many qualities, good and bad, of which he speaks in this essay, there is no mention of simplicity or humility either as virtue or vice. They do not appear to be things to be thought of at all.

This was the philosophy of the man who first taught the Anglo-Saxon world how to despise the peace and hate its makers. One can understand many of the deficiencies of the book. In his desire, laudable in itself, to convince the public that the economic facts of war-worn Europe must be faced, he declared that what mattered in the future was not frontiers but coal and iron. One can see the adroit appeal here to young men to believe that they must turn from outmoded historical concepts to a new reality. He was right in saying that coal and iron mattered, but wrong about frontiers. The Germans never lost the will to regain their frontiers *and* the iron and steel to win much larger ones. At this very time the frontiers of Northern Ireland, Kashmir, Poland, and many others, can arouse passions, and not necessarily foolish and unreasonable passions. In short, education in mathematics and ethical philosophy may fail to teach simple facts that every historian knows; and this elevation of economics as the supreme criterion tempted Englishmen to forget things that now, as then, no German forgets for a moment. It is a basic rationalist error. Even the despised Bentham allowed for "sympathy and antipathy" of which the antipathy to a foreign flag, tongue and government still ranks very high.

## *Versailles Caricatures*

Another feature of the book was the caricature of the chief actors at the Peace Conference, Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau. They are pictured as either actually malign, like Clemenceau; unprincipled, like Lloyd George; or simpletons, like Wilson. We know more about it now. A year ago M. Paul Mantoux, who was present, published the full account of what the Big Three actually said in conference together; and one has only to read the calm discussions of these three great men to realize what a pastiche Keynes' picture was. In many things they may have erred, but not rashly, madly, witlessly. Above all, the picture of Wilson as the simple-minded soul who was "bamboozled" by Clemenceau collapses completely.

Keynes' method of making Wilson look ridiculous was skillful. He refers to him as "the old Presbyterian." To some people, like the present writer, the term would not seem, at first sight, to be opprobrious. Age may suggest venerability, experience and wisdom. The word Presbyterian, to one appropriately prejudiced by nationality and faith, might seem to suggest sound training, hard thought and resolute attachment to good principles. But in the moral atmosphere of the nineteen twenties it was a well aimed shaft. For Wilson was anathema to English Tories, who regarded him with some justice as an ideologue. To Liberals he had been for a brief moment a heroic figure and a prophet, but when a peace had been made that was devised to suit the ideas of many allies and to provide, *inter alia,* for the security of the victorious but basically weaker powers in Europe, he lost caste. He was the first target on which to exercise the almost unlimited power of the young of that age for being disillusioned.

The word Presbyterian had, to the ears of the English intelligentsia, the connotation of something old-fashioned, rigid, stuffy and, what was best of all, a déclassé bourgeois flavor. One could still be a Liberal and despise Wilson; one could be a Liberal of the new age, looking to the new gospel from King's College, Cambridge, with all its superiority of reason and taste, the gospel of which Keynes could say that the impulse to protest, to write a letter to the *Times* (surely the most tepid form of apostolic impulse) was perhaps "some hereditary vestige of a belief in the efficacy of prayer."

The thought of Keynes, for all its doubtlessly great merits in the science of economics, had a marvelous appeal to snobbery. He rarely used enough plain rhetoric to put one on one's guard against him as a pleader. His satire had not the fierce cutting edge of a Swift. But his splendid self-sufficiency had a buoyant quality, as of a balloon, which enabled those who grasped it to float gently up to his own level and to look down on the unenlightened. In an interview with a journalist he once described how he had been brought up by his enlightened parents to be free of "theological terrors." It paints a pretty picture — of a boy quietly enjoying his superiority over those of his fellows who might be so boorish as to be worried about hell-fire. One could forgive such disdain of the religious sentiments of mankind — if only there had been in this terrestrial philosophy more sense of the hell-fire that exists on earth.



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# *Letter from London*

F. A. VOIGT

## *Who Wants to Die for Cyprus?*

The British Government has during the last few months shown a paradoxical mixture of courage and timidity.

It has in various ways—diplomatic, conversational, and convivial — given clear warning that, if the Soviet Union lays hands on the oil wells and refineries of the Middle East, Great Britain will fight. How she would fight is not so clear; but fight she would in any case and, in doing so, start the avalanche.

It has often been observed that the British are courageous in the presence of danger and timid in its absence. It is so now: the British Government is not frightened of the Russian danger, which certainly exists; it is frightened of the Turkish danger, which as certainly does not. As a result of Turkish threats, the prospects of a settlement in Cyprus have grown very dim.

Whether British policy in Cyprus is right or wrong, the Commander-in-Chief of the British troops, Sir John Harding, cannot allow either his men or peaceful civilians to be murdered. He has been execrated because sentences of death have been passed after fair trial. It is said: "Why not sentence these men to imprisonment for life?"

Such a sentence would be little or no deterrent. A Cypriot assassin who is merely sent to prison is, rightly or wrongly, convinced of two things: that he will not stay there for long; and that he will enjoy renown as a national hero. Therefore, there is in Cyprus no alternative to the death penalty for murder.

But the misdeeds of the tiny armed Cypriot gangs are only incidental to the conflict. They must, of course, be stopped; yet it does not follow that the rebellion will then be quelled. Some sort of public order may be restored; but the Christian — as distinct from the Moslem — Cypriots cannot be induced, seduced, or intimidated into permanent acceptance of British rule. Their hearts are with Greece; and with Greece their hearts will stay.

The British Government is willing to confer on Cyprus a constitution which will provide for a representative legislature and executive. Such self-government would lead to self-determination. And self-determination would lead to *Enosis*.

But Turkey stands in the way.

### *Turkish Threats*

The Cypriot Moslems, too, are British subjects. They are satisfied with British rule and they do not want Greek rule. (Nor do they want Turkish rule.) But no special guarantees are needed to secure their rights under a possible Greek administration; for the Turkish Moslem minority in Greece already has all the guarantees it needs under the Treaty of Lausanne, and it has nothing to complain about.

But as Turkey has been invited (quite unnecessarily) to participate in decisions relating to the future of Great Britain's Cypriot subjects, she has, naturally enough, responded with the assertion that she refuses to accept any change in the present international status of the island. Discovering, not for the first time, that Great Britain is more easily intimidated by a small power than by a big one (a discovery that has not raised British prestige in Turkish estimation), Turkey now backs her refusal with threats. In fact, she threatens — not officially, of course, but emphatically enough — to fight if Cyprus is transferred from the British to the Hellenic Crown.

The threat has made the desired impression. It is being reinforced by the greater part of the British Conservative Party, and press, on the rather paradoxical plea that Great Britain must "take a firm line" or "make a strong stand"; "firm" or "strong," that is, with regard to Greece — not Turkey.

The main Turkish contention is that Cyprus is some forty miles off the Turkish coast and would, if united with Greece, become a menace to Turkish security. Other Greek islands, like Chios and Lesbos, are much nearer to the Turkish coast than Cyprus. They are demilitarized under the Treaty of Lausanne. If the Turks so wished it, Cyprus could be demilitarized too (except for the British military installations), and Greece would have no objection. (By the way, there exists a long land-frontier, with no natural defenses, between Greece and Turkey in Europe. And yet, on land, the immediate proximity of Greece is not regarded in Turkey as a menace.)

Is it to be supposed that a Turkish army will be assembled and will make for Cyprus under cover of Turkish fighters and naval craft and that the army will occupy the island — which will still be a British base? Or will a Turkish army advance across the land frontier and invade Greek territory? In either case, of course, the Greeks would fight — and two allies within the Atlantic Alliance would be at war in a region of the highest strategic importance to the Alliance as a whole. It is fantastic to suppose that the Turks would for one moment contemplate an action which might engulf them in a terrible catastrophe.

### *Soviet Strategy*

Between the demand for *Enosis*, supported by the Liberal and Labor Parties and an influential British press, and the opposition to *Enosis*, supported by the Conservative Party and an equally influential British press, the British Government is moving neither forward nor backward nor sideways toward anything that resembles a settlement.

One might have supposed that the Soviet Union would exploit a situation which, according to all the canons of Communist political and military strategy and tactics, would seem altogether ideal for that purpose. Yet the Cypriot Communist Party, which controls almost the whole of Cypriot organized labor, is inactive. Why?

Because the Soviet Union does not want to spoil its ultimate prospects by premature action. An intervention in the conflict over Cyprus would be interpreted in London as a preliminary to the seizure of the oil wells and refineries of the Middle East, and so would initiate a sequence of events which might, in the end, release the avalanche.



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# Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

## *The Wrong Alarm*

There has been a good deal of to-do in the press lately about the rate at which the Soviet Union is training scientists and technologists, and about our "dangerous lag" in this respect. Eminent educationists shake their heads gravely about it, as they agitate for federal aid to education. Columnists and bureaucrats dwell upon it as evidence of "the new challenge to American democracy in the epoch of coexistence."

Neither the reliability of Soviet statistics nor the motivations of the Americans who keep drumming on this theme are sufficiently above question to lead one to react to this latest ringing of the Establishment's alarm bell with very serious concern. It is hardly likely that the field upon which the United States of America will be defeated is the field of technology, of production, of the pragmatic.

But in the rhetoric with which this campaign is conducted there is strikingly revealed a matter which is of the greatest concern. The "production" — the word recurs repeatedly — of technologists and scientists is equated with the highest aim of education. Our educational system is condemned not because it creates, as it does, intellectual and moral dwarfs, but because it is not even more efficient than it is in producing robots for the research laboratories. As in the Johnny-can't-read furor of the past year or two, the whole concentration is upon techniques.

### *Training vs. Education*

An age which is dedicated to the proposition that knowledge is power has drawn the logical corollary from that maxim, and has more and more limited its definition of knowledge to that which gives power. With ever increasing acceleration it has transformed education into training. Now, brute animals, which apparently are created without the need for education — that is, for indoctrination in tradition and development of the reason — can benefit from training pure and simple. But human beings, necessary as is training to enable them to play their roles in the workaday world, whether as bricklayers or lawyers or atomic physicists, must, to be men, also be educated, each in the light of his capacities and to the highest degree that circumstances make possible.

Training is secondary to education; and when the ends of education are lost sight of, the true nature of man is dwarfed. Indeed, to judge by the cries of alarm that are now rising from those who are concerned primarily with the training of men to harness power, the degradation of education would seem to bring in its wake a decay in the very process of training itself. The Deweyan thistle is, of course, not bringing forth figs. That it could not be expected to do. But in its sterility it seems to be failing more and more to bring forth even thistles.

### *Moral Radiation-Disease*

It will be a long time, however, before the efficiency of our *training* lags so badly that we need seriously worry about being surpassed by any nation on earth in the sphere of the technological and the practical. It is in the sphere not of training, but of education, the sphere of the moral and intellectual understanding that should control and direct technological power, that our physical no less than our spiritual survival is threatened. There is no need to emphasize what is happening to the second generation of those exposed to the radiation of the theories of relativism, the generation for whose amorality the cant phrase is "juvenile delinquency." It is only necessary to look at the moral concepts which inspire the dominant national policies of the day to recognize what the prevalent intellectual attitude, contemptuous of serious consideration of the being and end of man, has brought forth.

No one, of course, could accuse either Dwight D. Eisenhower or Charles E. Wilson of being in any direct sense a product of Deweyan thought; but the "experts" who surround them, and who fill their mushy platitudes with whatever content they have, are almost to a man representatives of the trend of which Dewey is the outstanding symbol. They are sons of "the revolt against formalism," that is, of the denial of objective truth and of objective moral values.

### *Poznan and Cultural Interchange*

The answer of the Eisenhower Administration to the trumpet call of the heroic uprising at Poznan was typical of the instrumentalist outlook, to which good and evil are but relative reflections of the *mores* of differing cultures, and honor an outmoded superstition. To the aspirations of the insurgents — our allies — for freedom, it responded with silence or sophism; and, taking pity upon their material desperation, it offered food — to their oppressors, the tyrants of Warsaw. As that gallant gesture faded into defeat, and the bloody, systematic repression of a police state began to grind its remorseless course, Secretary Wilson, testifying before a Senate Committee, expatiated on the "liberalization" of the Soviet Empire, and amiably discussed the Soviet leaders as if they were the executives of some rival Ford or Chrysler corporation.

The greatest technological triumphs are powerless in association with such a moral paralysis and intellectual blindness, which, to purchase a moment of peace and prosperity, bemuses itself as to the nature of the enemy and shirks the hard duty of confronting evil uncompromisingly. It is this flabby and unprincipled attitude, which smiles benignly on evil and promotes "cultural interchange" with it, that gives substance to the dark and ominous foreboding that ours is the "losing side." If this is not to be, it will be not upon an increased "production" of scientists, a more efficient training for technical proficiency, but upon a new — and old — understanding of the ends of human life, upon education for intellectual clarity and moral insight, that the issue will depend.



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# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## Too Hot to Handle

ROBERT PHELPS

His real name was Henry McCarty, and he was born in 1859, in New York City. His family later moved west, where his already widowed mother remarried, and then died herself, so that Billy, as he came to be called, spent most of his childhood in the raw, wide-open, outlaw air of Nevada. He was a carefree boy: blue-eyed, buck-toothed, slender, with large wrists and small hands; and no saint. Though he never drank, he loved to gamble, dance, joke and play cards. From his few letters that survive, it is plain that though not very literate, he was exceptionally intelligent.

People liked him. Girls, older women, children, and men of all ages and backgrounds, from the Governor to rough cowpunchers to humble Mexican *pobres*, were equally attracted to him. By the time he was seventeen, he was on his own, with store pants and a six-shooter in his belt. As a grub-line rider, he drifted down to Arizona, where he shot and killed a blacksmith who had teased him and ruffled his hair. The coroner's jury found him guilty, but Billy had already left the state. He changed his name to William H. Bonney, and headed east, for the New Mexico territory.

Then his acts became myths. The famous Lincoln County war between the open-range cattle barons and the smaller, encroaching ranchers who wanted fences, had already begun. Billy hired himself out as a cowhand-cum-trouble-shooter for the most improbable figure within a thousand miles: a quixotic, cultivated young Englishman named Tunstall, who had invested his fortune in a store and sided with the open-range ranchers. Their relationship was of that mutually attractive, perfectly complementary sort which now and then springs up between a complex, reflecting man on the one hand, and a relatively simple, unself-conscious one on the other.

When, a few months later, Tunstall was brutally assassinated, Billy, who had been riding with him, escaped, and from then on led a group of Tunstall's men in what he regarded as justifiable vigilante raids on his enemies. He was never the gratuitous, cold-hearted killer he was made out to be. His legend simply caught on, and grew. Every robbery, rustling, or shooting in New Mexico was ascribed to him. When one of his best friends became sheriff of Lincoln County, he warned Billy to get out and go to Mexico while he still had a chance. But by now, perhaps half-enchanted by his own notoriety and folk-hero status, Billy chose not to leave.

Rewards were posted. Posses hunted him down. He was captured and led through the streets of Las Vegas in irons (where his conduct before a hostile mob was at once as courageous and instinctively theatrical as Cleopatra's before Octavius). Sentenced to be hanged, he managed a spectacular escape barely two weeks before the date set for his execution. But still he did not leave the country. Finally the inevitable happened. One night in July 1881, while visiting his Mexican girl, he was ambushed, shot in his stocking feet, and died on the spot: twenty-one years, seven months, and twenty-two mortal days old.

As far as I know, no first-rate American poet has ever touched the story of Billy the Kid. A year or two after his death, a frontier Falstaff named Ash Apson, who had known him personally, did ghost-write a fairly apocryphal biography, which was then published under the name of the sheriff who had shot him. As Governor of New Mexico, the novelist Lew Wallace exchanged letters with Billy, and even persuaded him to surrender to the law at one point (later betraying him shamefully); then, with all this heroic romance under his nose, had to go back to ancient Rome for *Ben Hur*. More recently, Aaron Copland has composed music for a ballet, but I can't think of a poem about him.

Yet after reading this loving documentary account of Billy's life (*The Tragic Days of Billy the Kid*, by Frazier Hunt, Hastings House, $5.00) he struck me as our most emblematic American hero on at least two counts. In the first place, he was a maverick. From the beginning, he was unattached; a drifter, a lone star, an outsider. Our heroes, whether Dan'l Boone or Lindbergh, have never been joiners. They travel alone. They love; are loved; but they never belong to anyone or anything. In the second place, Billy was young. The great American experience may be about the search for a father, but the hero who does the searching is always a boy. From Poe's child bridegroom to Melville's Ishmael, from Huck Finn to the young soldier in the *Red Badge* to Hemingway's Nick, our heroes have been in their 'teens.

Either Stephen Crane or James Agee could have made a masterpiece out of Billy, for his half-canny, half-ingenuous character is as deeply charming as Melville's Billy Budd, and in the right hands his outlaw image could become no less tragic. But both Crane and Agee died young, like Billy himself, and I'm afraid the surviving roster of American poets—most of whom have moved to campuses and admire, not heroes, but each other—would find Billy too hot to handle, except maybe with a footnote.



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# Via Mescalin to Swedenborg

**Heaven and Hell,** by Aldous Huxley. 103 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.00

In *The Doors of Perception,* Mr. Huxley described the effects of the drug mescalin, which sometimes can transport the person who uses it into a realm of vision and peace, marked by brilliantly colored images. *Heaven and Hell* is related to that previous little book, carrying further Mr. Huxley's psychological and even theological speculations upon this and similar themes. With his friend Mr. Gerald Heard, Mr. Huxley has been seeking to transcend the boundaries of ordinary sensory experience, so as to attain a state approaching mystical ecstasy.

All of Mr. Huxley's many books have displayed a loathing for the flesh and a sardonic contempt for this gross world very like the satirical spirit of Dean Swift. But Swift's religion was eminently practical and matter-of-fact; the gloomy Dean stood for no nonsense in the interpretation of Biblical texts. Mr. Huxley, on the contrary, has long been attracted to an eclectic mysticism, drawn as much from Indian as from Christian sources. The present age is nearly as abhorrent to him as *Brave New World* would be to any man of principle and sensitivity; and he seeks to emancipate himself and us from it not by utopian social reform — for which he entertains a discerning contempt — but by private spiritual experience.

Some very interesting observations on art and perception are contained in the present essay, which is adorned with the curious asides and historical excursions that characterize Mr. Huxley's philosophical disquisitions. Through certain drugs — notably mescalin or lysergic acid — or through hypnotism, Mr. Huxley writes, man may remove himself to a realm indescribably different from the ordinary realm of experience. But whether the experimenter finds himself in heaven or in hell depends upon his cast of character and his spiritual discipline. "Negative emotions — the fear which is the absence of confidence, the hatred, anger or malice which exclude love — are the guarantee that visionary experience, if and when it comes, shall be appalling. The Pharisee is a virtuous man; but his virtue is of the kind which is compatible with negative emotion. His visionary experiences are therefore likely to be infernal rather than blissful." To this observation, Mr. Huxley joins some interesting notes on the schizophrenic.

Mr. Huxley's theological suggestions, though very briefly expressed, give sanction to both classical and Christian ideas of heaven, hell and purgatory. It is possible, he argues, that most human souls, after death, cannot endure the Clear Light of "the divine Ground," the Godhead; and so they drift back into the twilight ghost-realm, "where they can use their own and other people's wishes, memories, and fancies to construct a world very like that in which they lived on earth." Only a very few attain to a real transcendence of the prison-house of self:

> Of those who die, an infinitesimal minority are capable of immediate union with the divine Ground, a few are capable of supporting the visionary bliss of heaven, a few find themselves in the visionary horrors of hell and are unable to escape; the great majority end up in the kind of world described by Swedenborg and the mediums. From this world it is doubtless possible to pass, when the necessary conditions have been fulfilled, to worlds of visionary bliss or the final enlightenment.

Heaven and hell, in short, are states of mind, of imagination; but these states are prolonged indefinitely beyond the termination of fleshly existence. When time has a stop, the soul lives still; but whether that mysterious existence is a torment or a blessing depends upon the combination of spiritual discipline with that grace which passes understanding. Only the dogmatic old-fangled mechanist and materialist will think Mr. Huxley's speculations silly and profitless.

RUSSELL KIRK


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# Inside Story

**The Dispossessed,** by Geoffrey Wagner. 244 pp. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. $3.50

The Experts are not only pre-planning our outside lives. Under the banner of "mental health" they have set up their operations inside the individual soul. Human personality is measured quantitatively. The self has statistics. With a little help, everybody can become adjusted.

Some of Geoffrey Wagner's new novel is pointblank satire on the artier fringes of the Headshrinking Business. ("You run into a car once, it was an error; twice, a planned coincidence, but the third time it was fun. You liked it. Masochism. Simple.") The rest is a not very funny account of a young soldier who suffers a concussion; is released from the Army on "psychiatric grounds"; and is driven by way of doctors, interviews, a well-meaning family, hospitals, insulin, and a monstrously arrogant psychiatry profession to suicide.

The moral seems to be unambiguous: psychotics of the world, hide out. And the rest of you mere unprogressive individuals: if you happen to feel exhausted, depleted, or unsure of yourself; if you have a lapse of memory or a sudden headache, for God's sake, don't tell *anyone.* Lock the door, draw the blinds, look in the mirror; and remember that the Kingdom of Heaven is within you.

ROGER BECKET



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# On the Cost of Fun

**The Growing Shortage of Scientists and Engineers: Proceedings of the Sixth Thomas Alva Edison Foundation Institute, November 21-22, 1955.** 132 pp. New York: New York University Press. $4.00

There is a lot of commotion these days over the shortage of scientists, as well there might be. As a nation we admire science too much and study it too little. Such criticism is not just another stanza of "Excelsior"; we do not have the scientists and engineers we need for economic and military purposes. Officials like AEC Chairman Strauss, National Science Foundation Director Alan T. Waterman, and other members of this Institute are worried sick over the shortage, especially considering reports that Russia is alive with mass-produced scientific fledglings.

Why, in our own country, has the study of science declined among the very generations that have admired science most extravagantly? Apparently because, while the products of science contribute to, the study of science interferes with, Democratic Fun. Just try to learn calculus without turning the television off. On the other hand, try to develop the television industry with nobody around who knows calculus.

The trouble is not only individual sloth. Our schools and our government are committed to Democratic Fun. Dr. Albert E. Jochen of the New Jersey State Department of Education says here frankly: "We cannot put into our school system quality control of the raw material. . . . The great majority are not the people with scientific intelligence you are talking about. But they vote, and they have a voice just as much as has the educational elite."

Dr. Jochen forgot to add that if the Soviet Union's plans work out they will not vote any more.

In this fascinating volume, men of learning like Columbia's Dean Cole, and men of genius like GM's fabulous and incorrigible Kettering, speak wisely and provocatively. But they still have a long way to go. For one thing, they have not figured out what you are going to do, after you get it, with a scientific elite trained for the military defense of the nation but convinced that both nationalism and the use of force against the nation's enemies are wicked.

MEDFORD EVANS

# No Escape from Fate

**Italian Foreign Policy Under Mussolini,** by Luigi Villari. 396 pp. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. $6.00

The First World War was followed by the debunking literature and history of the twenties and thirties, which exposed the lies and misrepresentations of wartime propaganda. The lesser degree of freedom of thought, inquiry, and expression, which mark our "Liberal" age, has precluded the publication of any comparable number of books and articles giving the other side with respect to the origins, causes and conduct of the last war. Hence the importance of this scholarly and vastly informed book by a veteran Italian diplomat and jurist, whose enviable literary style in our language was no doubt learned from his English mother, Linda White. *Italian Foreign Policy Under Mussolini* not only constitutes an important contribution to the small number of "revisionist" studies which penetrate the "historical blackout" imposed by statesmen, publicists and generals interested in preserving their undeserved reputations for sagacity and righteousness. It is also the first exposition of the Italian position presented with authority and honesty, as distinct from the self-justifying memoirs of the leading participants in the tragedy of errors which led to World War Two and its aftermath.

It is well that our generation, anxious above all for peaceful coexistence with Communist totalitarian tyranny, and ready to grasp the bloodstained hand of Tito yesterday, Khrushchev and Bulganin today, and maybe Mao Tse-tung tomorrow, should be reminded of the fact that hatred of Mussolini's regime was what prevented him from getting support for his sensible European policy.

Like Secretary of State Lansing, who said that the Versailles Treaty "menaces the existence of civilization," Mussolini, as early as 1921, proclaimed that the choice facing Europe was "Treaty revision or a new world war." Villari also recalls how Lady Astor, asked if she knew where Hitler had been born, replied, "At Versailles." There is little doubt that Mussolini's efforts to effect a reconciliation among France, England and Germany, through revision of the punitive financial, political and territorial provisions of the Versailles Treaty and the conclusion of a Four Power Pact were "the most realistic suggestions looking forward to permanent peace between the two world wars."

Today these same "liberals" who deny Mussolini credit for his peace efforts before and after Hitler came to power, and who were in favor of war to destroy the Nazis and Fascists, are all in favor of "peaceful coexistence" with Communist tyrants, at any cost to the peoples we delivered over to their despotism by our war and postwar policies.

Dr. Villari suggests that the Italian dictator's main fault was "his excessively outspoken frankness." If he had followed "even a Berlitz course in international hypocrisy," says Dr. Villari, he might have secured what Italy needed, namely land for her excessive population, "under the guise of rendering services to the League of Nations, international justice and humanity."

Of course, this book, being a frankly Italian version of diplomatic history and international relations before and during World War Two, is not "objective." But neither is Winston Churchill's British viewpoint, generally accepted in America as true history. And although one may criticize Dr. Villari for skating too lightly over the record of Fascist crimes, he does not whitewash them. The subject of his book is, in any case, Italian foreign policy and in this sphere he undoubtedly provides a wealth of material of importance to historians. For he tells how Mussolini was "driven," by French and British hostility, into the Rome-Berlin Axis, "the dangers of which he foresaw," and which he never deemed a worthwhile substitute for the Four Power Pact among England, France, Germany and Italy which he had vainly sought. And it echoes Greek tragedy, by insisting that mortals cannot escape the fate ordained for them.

FREDA UTLEY



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# To the Editor

### *"Horse Sense"*

The July 18 issue was terrific! Every article rang the bell and I'm delighted we have one publication in this age of confused neo-barbarism dedicated to horse sense and decency.

*Annapolis Md.* WILLIAM BUFFUM

### *Not Even in Fun?*

. . . urbane conservatism and sophistication do not excuse bad taste. And that's what your staff exhibited in the July 11 issue. It was bad taste and not conservatism when you quipped about the NAACP and the B'nai Brith fighting for jurisdiction [in the case of the Negro girl who advertised for work with a "Gentile family"].

It is utter boorishness for Mr. Schlamm to link Barzun, Murrow and Welch with Presley on the grounds that they are all successful and Schlamm likes none of them. It is not conservatism for Schlamm to postulate an outlandish pseudo-scientific law that proves that the Murrows, Welches, *et al.* must foist the Presleys upon us in order to maintain an audience that would be receptive to their brand of politics. . . .

*New York City* ALVIN CHRISS

. . . to seek the good life for all humanity, even if it causes us to at times sacrifice our own good life [is] . . . the intrinsic goal of true conservatism. . . .

If you ridicule such groups as the NAACP and the Anti-Defamation League who strive for equality for minorities then you desert the true aim of conservatism. If you cannot harmonize conservatism and equality then you are neither conservative nor just.

*Brooklyn, N.Y.* RONALD ROSENBAUM

### *Praise for Mr. Schlamm:*

I have just read your issue of July 25, and must tell you that your association with Mr. William S. Schlamm is the sheerest good fortune for both you and the American press.

While it is Mr. Schlamm's masterful dissection of Mr. Miller that prompts this, it has been his consistently truthful rebuttal of American arts and manners which has impelled me week by week to drop everything in order to scan the latest issue.

Mr. Schlamm more than fills a need in our criticism. He *is* our criticism. . . .

*Trenton, N.J.* GEORGE F. THIFFAULT

### *Moral Rearmament*

Fie on Montgomery M. Green for the prostitution of his literary talent in his article on Moral Re-Armament [May 16.] And shame on NATIONAL REVIEW for its uncalled-for (Red?) label in the subtitle of the same.

Mr. Green has nothing good to say of these religious people. He mentions their "absolute standards," their "listening to God," their apologies for past sins only to ridicule them. He says "The Group is out to 'change' everybody, including Khrushchev and Bulganin." Who of us wouldn't if he could? If the MRA are living by the Sermon on the Mount, they are doing what Gandhi said Christians fail to do.

Mr. Green could have refuted nearly everything he said against Peter Howard by a more careful reading of his book. Of coexistence, Howard says: "the greatest treachery today is the concept of coexistence with Communism." To this he adds: "If democracy begins to live what [it] talks about, and give it to the world, Communism will be cured."

It is wholly untrue to say that Peter Howard or any representative of MRA "excuses the Communists for treaty-breaking, police tyranny and slave labor" or justifies "Communism's materialism as evinced by an ambition to loot the free world." Just as they are against sin anywhere in the world, so they are against materialism wherever it may be found.

If Mr. Green thinks the MRA plays are amateurish, he is entitled to his opinion. Most people think their modern Morality Plays serve a useful purpose and are constantly being improved. *The Vanishing Island* did not have the effect on Orientals the critics thought it would. The Chinese here—and I understand the people of Japan and Southeast Asia and Africa—liked it. They said, "if Americans can laugh at their own weaknesses and failings, we will listen to their ideology!"

I wish MRA Godspeed in changing Russian Communists and American Communists. I think it is better to change Communists than to shoot them. As for Mr. Green and other critics of MRA, I suggest that if they must shoot verbally at someone, they choose our enemies as their targets, rather than friends of the free world.

*Taipei, Taiwan* GERALDINE FITCH

### *Mr. Green Replies*

Since, as I noted in the article, Peter Howard often contradicts himself from page to page, it is easy to lift a quotation or two from his MRA scriptures to prove almost anything. My objection was to the general content and tone of the plays which, however innocent Mr. Howard's intentions may be, amount to what the Communists call "demoralization propaganda" against the West.

It baffles me how as good an anti-Communist as I know Mrs. Fitch to be could admire *The Vanishing Island,* in which the denouement is the total conquest of Christendom by world Communism.

As for the practicability of "changing" the natures of the hardened criminals who have murdered their way to the top of the Communist heap, it is a dangerous delusion to hope for it, let alone count on it as Mr. Howard does. Mrs. Fitch must be all too well aware of the disastrous results of General Marshall's long effort to reform Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai.

I agree that MRA is made up of religious people with high moral standards, and I did not intend to, nor think that I did, ridicule them for being so. Their failing is that they subordinate themselves to the MRA "party line," in this case supplied by Peter Howard. And this line, as projected in these plays, is to me not only insulting but highly injurious to the Western world.

MONTGOMERY GREEN

*Havre de Grace, Md.*



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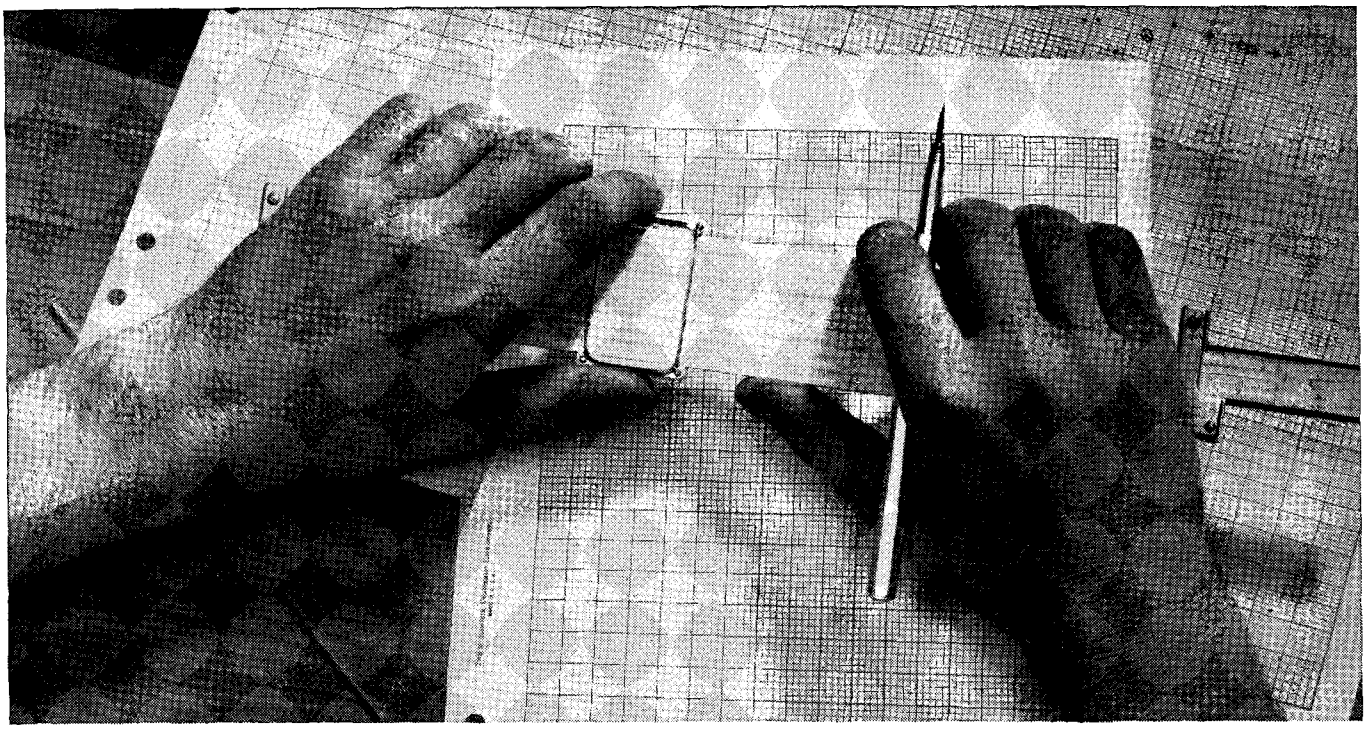

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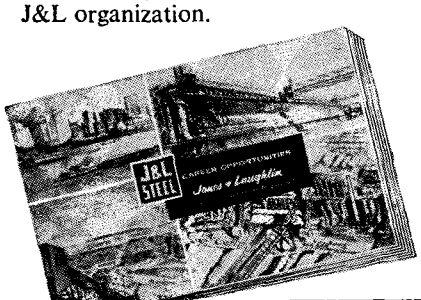


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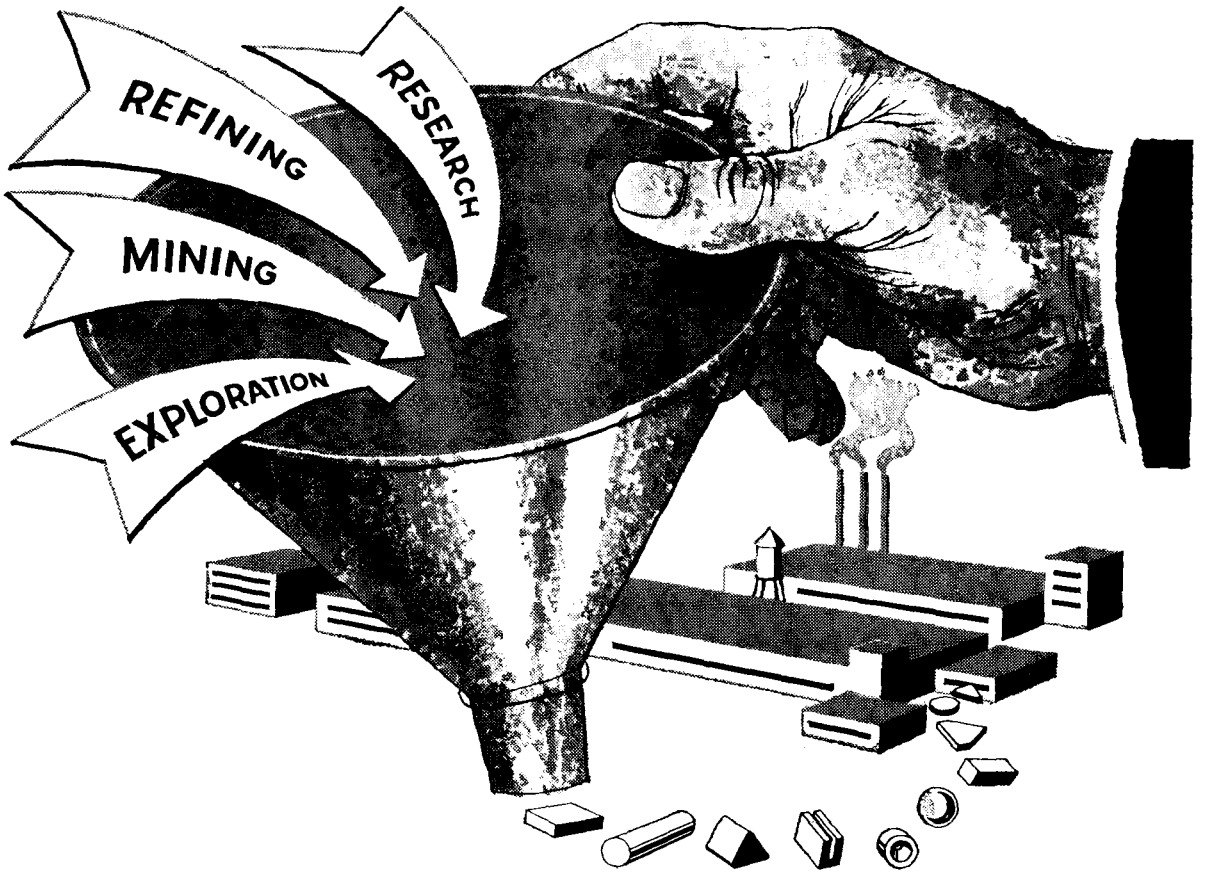


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